The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOL. LXXXII NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, MAY 1, 1935 NUMBER 1065

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The Week

THE question of peace or war still continues to overshadow all other European developments. The League Council's rebuke to Germany, Germany's reaction to it, and the Franco-Russian negotiations regarding their proposed treaty of mutual assistance were the chief events of the past week. By a unanimous vote (Denmark abstained) the League Council "rebuked" Germany for defying the Treaty of Versailles and rearming. It set up a committee of thirteen to consider what economic and other "sanctions" could be applied to a treaty violator. This action by the League was about what should have been expected, and does not alter the fact that Hitler has won a tremendous diplomatic victory: he has torn up one of the most important provisions of the Treaty, and the rest of Europe has acquiesced, however reluctantly, in his doing so. Shrewd strategy might have suggested that he should let the action of the League Council go by. But Hitler is a fanatic, not a diplomat. He replied in stinging terms, denying the League's right to criticize Germany (with, it must be conceded, much to be said for his point of view) and intimated that all hope of her reëntering the League is now destroyed. By way of emphasizing Germany's indifference to world opinion, it was announced that in any future war or period of international tension, pacifists will be subjected to the death penalty.

HITLER'S attitude, not unnaturally, has increased the desire of both France and Russia for a firm treaty of mutual military support to take the place of the informal understanding that has existed for a year or more. At the moment, however, negotiations are at a standstill because France wishes to bring this treaty into harmony with the League of Nations, while Russia is indifferent to this aspect of the matter and is only concerned that the agreement shall be as useful as it pretends to be. The Russians want the military aid to be instant and automatic, as soon as a frontier is crossed. The French want sufficient delay to let them go through the formalities of laying the matter before the League and obtaining its approval. The Russians are particularly alarmed about Memel as a danger spot and probably with good reason. The tension there was indicated on Monday when Great Britain, France and Italy joined in formal protest to Lithuania against mistreatment of Germans in the city. To add to the international strain comes the report, in a French newspaper, that Germany and Poland have signed a two-year military agreement, pooling their armed resources and giving Germany passage of her troops through Polish territory.

THE Roosevelt administration last week stirred out of the lethargy that has marked it for so long, and things began to happen. The social-security bill passed the House virtually in the form that President Roosevelt desired, with the Lundeen and Townsend proposals voted down. A compromise plan for payment of the bonus was worked out. The administration began to exert pressure on behalf of the banking bill, including a provision in-

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tended to direct new investment along socially desirable lines, and therefore represented as looking, at least, toward a planned economy. The President, a few days after he had rebuked the New England cotton-textile interests for wanting Japanese competition cut off, authorized an investigation by the Tariff Commission that will center largely around this subject. Secretary Wallace continued his vigorous, not to say desperate, fight for the cotton-processing tax—in which is involved the whole future of the A.A.A. itself—by invading New England. There he rebuked the mill owners, in language that was anything but conciliatory, for seeking favors for themselves at the hands of the government while attempting to deny them to the farmers, and for failing to use the old American qualities of ingenuity and resourcefulness to solve their problem by inventing new industries and rationalizing existing ones.

IN Washington, the N.R.A. was defended by General Hugh S. Johnson in his customary emotional style, while it sustained the heaviest blow it has yet received from anybody, in a special report prepared by a group of economists for the Brookings Institution, which found that it had retarded recovery, injured the wage earner and diminished the volume of production. Proponents of a federal anti-lynching bill, who have sought in vain for so many years to get action on this badly needed measure, are taking advantage of the press of pending legislation to urge that their measure be considered now, with the threat of a filibuster if it is not. They are being denounced, as was to be expected, for "obstructionist" tactics by those who are opposed to the bill in any case.

THROUGHOUT the history of the Senate munitions investigation, desperate attempts have been made by interested parties to keep certain facts hidden; but never have these efforts been so strenuous as now. When it was learned that the committee was investigating the operations of American banks during the War, banks which among other transactions acted as fiscal agents for the Allies, Stanley Baldwin took the unprecedented step of announcing in the House of Commons that the British government hoped nothing would be made public that would upset the present friendly relations among the Powers. The British Ambassador in Washington transmitted a similar message on behalf of his government; President Roosevelt called in Senator Nye, chairman of the committee, who afterward stated that since his was a committee for peace and not for war, nothing would be made public that would upset international amity. This remark is subject to various interpretations; we hope it does not mean that the committee intends to pull its punch, or that the President wishes it to do so. Rumors have long been in circulation that the greatest possible pressure was exerted behind the scene to get the United States into the War in order to save the Allies from financial collapse. Other rumors said that this country was made the victim of a gigantic confidence game on the part of the Allies, once we were in. It would surely be better for all concerned to have the facts established in definitive form. To the Americans, the matter is of overwhelming importance at the present time. Every responsible authority agrees that war is likely in Europe in the next five or ten years; everyone agrees that there is great danger that the United States will be drawn in again. The history of our European relations in 1915-16 therefore becomes of great importance as an object lesson and a warning.

THE most dangerous policy of the President is to inject planning in detail into an order that is not planned in its entirety, planning without well defined social purpose. This is illustrated by the clause that, at his suggestion, has been included in the new banking bill, as follows:

> It shall be the duty of the Federal Reserve Board to exercise such powers as it possesses in such manner as to promote conditions conducive to business stability and to mitigate by its influence unstabilizing fluctuations in the general level of production, trade, prices and employment, so far as may be possible within the scope of monetary action and credit administration.

This means, it is explained, that loans are to be refused to industries that are already "overequipped," though loans may be encouraged to industries tha have possibilities of expansion. That is reasonable provided—and only provided—that we have a good means of judging what real overequipment is. At present every industry is overequipped in relation to the existing market for its goods. Yet few are overequipped to produce the requirements of a decent living. Overequipment is not socially undesirable if the unused plants are the less efficient ones, which can operate only at high cost. Without a social plan governing production, prices and wages, such a measure is likely to be applied so as to increase scarcity and perpetuate unemployment.

WE SHOULD like to utter a hearty Amen to the speech of Secretary Ickes this week in New York City. Addressing the annual luncheon of The Associated Press, Mr. Ickes made as fine a defense of civil liberties as any government official has uttered in many a long day. Telling these rich, powerful and conservative newspaper publishers that freedom of the press is in no real danger from the Roosevelt administration, he pointedly reminded them that they themselves are singularly callous toward invasion of other rights just as precious—those of free speech and free assemblage—and particularly when these are exercised by minorities. Said Mr. Ickes:

> We have the paradoxical situation of self-proclaimed patriots demanding that constitutional rights be denied to those very persons for whom those rights were written into the Constitution. We have leaders of public

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> opinion urging on the mob to sadistic violence. We have public officials in violation of their oaths of office breaking up with tear-gas bombs such a meeting as that of Norman Thomas several months ago in a town in the state of Abraham Lincoln; and worst of all, we have a section of the press demanding that its freedom be not infringed upon in the slightest degree, while upholding the denial of the right of free speech and free assemblage to minority groups.
>
> Not only does this represent a breaking down of our fundamental law; not only is it in contravention of the principles underlying our form of government; it would be, or at any rate so it seems to me, an unintelligent act even if the trampling under foot of the Bill of Rights were not involved. . . . Why do we persist in driving underground sects and cliques and groups to which added power to do mischief and greater determination to accomplish their bizarre and absurd ends will accrue from the very fact of suppression? Surely our institutions are not so poorly grounded that they may not be exposed to the buffetings of criticism, even if it be both unfounded and intemperate.

There is one important publisher whose ears might well have burned while these brave and true words were being spoken. This gentleman was not present; instead, he had sent a faintly fatuous telegram announcing his forthcoming seventy-second birthday. His name is William Randolph Hearst.

GALLUP, New Mexico, is a name that will be much in the headlines during the next few weeks. In that city, thirty-eight men and ten women are being tried on a charge of murder in the first degree, although it is obvious that only one person could have committed the crime, and nearly everyone in Gallup believes that that individual is already dead. The situation arose out of the eviction of an unemployed miner from his home. A large crowd gathered as a result, and when the excitement had risen to a sufficient pitch, gunfire took place between some of the members of the mob and the sheriff and his deputies. The sheriff was killed and two of his deputies were wounded. The man in the mob who, it is generally believed, killed the sheriff, was himself killed, and five other persons were wounded, one of them fatally. New Mexico has an old and almost forgotten law, going back to the days when this territory was taken over from Mexico, making it possible to charge with murder in the first degree all the persons present at the scene of a fatal affray. Since the crowd was a large one, and the incident took place in the heart of the city, no one can say with certainty who was or was not present. However, on the convenient pretext of looking for a gun lost by one of the deputy sheriffs, the homes of a large number of Gallup miners were searched, and radical literature found in some of them was confiscated. In other words, Gallup indulged in a typical "Red hunt," with members of the American Legion sworn in as special officers. The forty-eight persons on trial for murder are really being tried for radicalism. The New Republic will publish a full account of the Gallup situation next week.

NOW that President Roosevelt has $4,880,000,000 to play with, all sorts of ideas are flooding in upon Washington as to what he might do with the money. We expect to make a number of suggestions ourselves, and we shall begin by proposing a handsome sum for the country's public libraries. These have suffered appallingly during the depression; while their use has increased 40 percent, for obvious reasons the funds available for them have dwindled, in many cases to almost nothing. New books have not been bought; old ones, worn out, have not been replaced; buildings are run down; staffs have been reduced at the very moment when the demands upon them have increased. Nearly one-half the people of the country have no local library facilities whatever, despite the fact that the need for this service is as great in such areas as anywhere else. The government could spend to advantage at least $50,000,000 or $60,000,000 without giving any community more librarians or books than it needs; and such an expenditure would mean, according to careful estimates, the reëmployment of at least 50,000 persons. With billions about to be spent for improving our physical well-being, it could do no harm to invest a small fraction of this sum on the equipment of our minds.

Experts Judge the N.R.A.

POSTMASTER GENERAL Farley repeated a commonplace the other day when he charged that all opponents of the administration's measures were either reactionaries whose toes had been stepped on or radical demagogues hostile to American traditions, and that therefore the President must be correct because he is pursuing a middle course. Putting aside the irrelevance of this geometrical method of judging policies, it should be pointed out that the heaviest blow any administration measure has suffered for a long time is that delivered at the N.R.A. by the Brookings Institution, the staff of which is so like the better kind of persons with whom Mr. Roosevelt has chosen to surround himself that even one of the authors of the report, Dr. Leon C. Marshall, is now a member of the N.I.R. Board. (Naturally enough, Dr. Marshall is relieved of responsibility for any of the conclusions.) The Brookings Institution is far from infallible; but it starts without either conservative or radical doctrine; it engages in heavily documented scientific research; it is not averse to economic experiment or planning; and it has pointed out that there is a large possibility of improving the general standard of living. A report of this kind deserves to be taken more seriously than to be angrily denounced as Mr. Richberg has denounced it; one remembers that Mr. Hoover was once just as angry at Brookings for pointing out the now unquestioned fact that reparations and war debts would not be paid.

The report is not an unqualified condemnation.

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It pays tribute to the purpose of the President and to the "psychological lift" that the N.R.A. produced at the beginning. It recognizes that the whole endeavor suffered the inevitable handicaps of a hastily improvised and ambitious undertaking. It points out that it has eliminated some undesirable employment conditions and business practices. But it concludes in no uncertain terms that the code machinery suffers from defects so serious as to be irremediable without abolishing the codes themselves, and that the N.R.A. has on the whole retarded recovery.

This is not a snap judgment. Anyone who wants detailed substantiation, facts and figures, close and careful analysis, can do no better than to study the forty chapters presented. No brief summary can do them justice. But certain broad conclusions, most of which are identical with those that The New Republic has been presenting to its readers for the past two years, may be mentioned.

The original definition of purpose was confused. The President wanted to increase wages without a parallel increase in the prices of industrial products. General Johnson at one time agreed with this; at another he stated as emphatically that prices must rise enough to cover increased wage costs. Whatever the intention, the latter was what happened. The result was that there was no increase in the purchasing power of the average employed worker, for the cost of living rose as fast as his income. While the number employed increased, only about one-sixth of the unemployed were absorbed by this means, and that was the consequence mainly of a sort of share-work program through the shortening of hours. Profits rose faster than wage earnings; the preëxisting sharing of total income between wage earners and property incomes was not altered. Hourly wage rates of course rose, but what the workers needed was not higher hourly wages so much as more employment, so that there might be more hours of work in which they could earn any wages at all. Employment was limited by the failure of production to increase far more than it did. Production was hampered by the high prices charged, as well as by code limitations of output. The workers, even with their higher wages, could not buy much more, and the effort to increase the farmers' real income was made more difficult by the fact that the prices of what they bought were raised along with the prices of what they sold. This price disparity was diminished, to be sure, but not so much as would otherwise have been possible. Price disparities among industrial products were not corrected, since there was no planned price policy. Prices already too high, like those of steel and building materials, were further increased.

There was a terrible muddle and inconsistency concerning the collective-bargaining sections. The chief interpretations supporting independent unions —those of the National Labor Board and its successor, the National Labor Relations Board—were not enforced in important cases, were indeed transgressed by the administration itself. Labor unres. and strikes were thus increased. There was no consistency in the application of minimum wages and maximum hours; some of the codes were so unworkable in this respect that they could not be enforced; chiseling was made inevitable. Trade-practice provisions of the codes were even more intricate, confused and incapable of successful administration. Their major result, when effective, was to permit private interests to raise prices, restrict output and diminish productive efficiency.

The administration itself had no plan and no integrated policy. The result was that "working at high speed under a statute that gave little guidance, and without clear standards of its own, it enacted into law a huge mass of rules and regulations arrived at by a process of bargaining among conflicting interests. Out of this process came codes, one substantive effect of which is quite generally to allocate to private groups important powers which may be used to the disadvantage of the public. The willingness of such groups to coöperate with the government is very closely allied to the presence in codes of the provisions granting such powers."

Labor, in the few cases where it was well organized and effectively led, gained what it immediately wanted—but not necessarily what was for its own ultimate good. Consumers were not well organized and gained practically nothing. Even labor is not represented on the overwhelming majority of the code authorities. What happened, what was bound to happen in the circumstances, was, in plainer language than the report uses, that the government of industry was turned over, without plan and without check, to a congeries of private profit-seeking groups. Preëxisting trends to monopoly, to profiteering and to a scarcity economy were strengthened.

It should be remarked in passing that we are not in full agreement with the economic theory of the authors of the report. They argue that it would have been impossible to raise wages, under the existing conditions, without raising prices, since business was running with little or no profit, and either could not or would not borrow to pay the extra wage bill. But the same reasoning would lead us to suppose that prices could not have been reduced without reducing wages—and the authors of the report believe some prices to have been too high. Without narrowing the margin between wages and prices in some way, real wages cannot increase. The authors believe that the only gains of wages on prices are made slowly and steadily, as efficiency of production grows. But this is historically untrue. Gains in real wages are spasmodic, under our system. There are relatively long periods of advancing productivity in which wage gains do not occur. They customarily come during periods of falling prices, and, specifically, during depressions. In prosperity, gains in productivity are not usually passed on to the workers, and the sharing of income becomes more unequal by a disproportionate gain in profits. In depressions, prices fall more rapidly

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than wages, and real wages per hour increase—though the actual incomes of the workers are reduced by lack of employment. The fall of prices deflates excessive capital charges and removes less efficient firms. Those that are left can afford to produce at the resulting level of wages and prices. When, for any reason, business and employment start up, the workers derive a tardy advantage from the preceding gains in efficiency. There is thus no antecedent impossibility of changing the relationship between wages and prices during a depression—if the cost is paid in bankrupt firms and reduction of the capital burden.—But all this has no relationship to what happened this time, because the margin between wages and prices was not in fact changed.

The only way out of this mess is to back off and begin again. Mr. Roosevelt was once much praised for his readiness to regard his measures as experiments, which he would abandon if they did not work. Here is one that has been weighed and found wanting by laboratory experts. It is, moreover, central to everything else. Without a policy in the actual administration of industry that favors the production of abundance, no amount of government spending will prime the pump, no dollar devaluation or easy bank credit will ease the debt structure, no promises of social security can bring real security. The code structure must go. Whatever minimum standards for labor are desired, whatever policy toward collective bargaining is thought best, should be clearly defined by legislative enactment and placed in the hands of competent and specialized government administration, rather than being left to the varying chance of employers' desires and unequal bargaining. Whatever is to be done about trade practices, prices and output should not be left to "coöperation" between government and industry when government does not know what it wants and industry is left to stipulate the conditions on which it will coöperate. It should be done as a result of research and planning; it should be done by government, and for the majority of the people.

Inching Toward Social Security

FIVE YEARS ago, if anyone had said that in 1935 Congress would pass a law acknowledging a definite federal responsibility for helping the aged and the unemployed, he would have been laughed at for a visionary. Nevertheless a bill for these and other similar purposes has now passed the House of Representatives, and it seems clear that in a form no worse and perhaps somewhat better, it will go through the Senate and be signed by the President. An important milestone has certainly been passed by the United States, which has been the last of the leading countries of the world to acknowledge that in modern civilization factors beyond the control of the individual dominate his life and endanger his very existence. The full significance of this step must not be overlooked.

Candor compels us to add that we are disappointed with some of the chief provisions of the measure as it has passed the House. In part, the weaknesses of the bill are remediable in the Senate, and in part they are not. Since it is clear that the President will have his way, we shall emphasize here those aspects of the measure on which the Senate can do better, with the chance that the President will accept the result.

Perhaps the best single feature of the bill is the proposal for immediate grants to the states for old-age pensions. The standards set up are not so good as they were in the original form of the bill, but the principle is established. The government will match state contributions for the aged up to $15 per month per person. Thirty dollars a month is not much money to live on, but it represents paradise compared to the conditions suffered by many of the aged today.

The good effect of this provision, however, is largely nullified by the system of contributory old-age annuities contemplated in the bill. After 1942, the direct pensions will rapidly fade out of the picture as dependent old people begin to receive money from the funds set up through contributions from employers and employed. It is safe to assume that the employers will find a way to pass along their contribution, in the form of higher prices for their goods or services. Since the workers, broadly speaking, are also the consumers, nearly all of this burden will come back upon them. Beginning in 1942, the dependent aged will receive perhaps $10 or $15 a month from the fund, of which not more than $1 or so will represent contributions of their own.

This means that the burden of their support will fall upon the younger generation of the workers, and we shall have a sharp diminution of that famous consumer purchasing power which, everyone is agreed, must be increased in order to end the depression and create permanent prosperity. How important this situation will be is evident when we recall the statisticians' estimate that the reserves for this purpose will amount to $10,000,000,000 in 1948 and $32,000,000,000 in 1970. The principle here set up, of taking the funds for old-age security out of current earnings of the working class is one found nowhere else in the civilized world. In all other countries, the state makes at least some contribution toward these funds, deriving money for this purpose from taxes upon wealth. Under the new American plan, the wealthy will avoid even the burden they now bear through local taxation on property for local aid. It is essentially a plan for compulsory saving, which can be justified only if the real incomes out of which the workers must save are greatly increased and made secure.

The provisions for infant and maternal welfare and care of crippled and dependent children are excellent so far as they go, though they might well have been omitted from the present bill, with which they have little to do. It is regrettable, in our

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judgment, that the government should make its contribution for mothers' aid only one-third, the other two-thirds from the individual states. What this means is that in the good states, which offer assistance of this sort, the federal government will help, and in the bad states, where its aid is most needed, it will give none.

When we turn to the unemployment-insurance plan, we may note one important improvement. The "Wisconsin scheme," under which individual businesses set up reserves of their own, has disappeared, and there will be only one fund for each state. The plan is, of course, for a federal tax on payrolls which rises rapidly until it has reached 3 percent. Most of this tax is remitted in the states that set up unemployment-insurance plans of their own. The weakness of the measure is that there are no minimum standards for these state plans. Any old scheme will do, and in some states, certainly, any old scheme is what we shall get. The theory is, first, that a national tax of 3 percent on payrolls, of which up to nine-tenths is remitted in states with unemployment insurance, prevents possible inequality between one state and another that would set up unfair conditions of competition, and second, that the employer, since he must be taxed in any event, will bring pressure to bear in his state to force through a plan. But there is the greatest reason to doubt that the second of these things will happen.

Suppose for example that in a given instance the state insurance tax is 3 percent. This is added to the federal tax of 3 percent, making 6 percent in all. The federal government then reduces its tax by 90 percent. The employer must pay three-tenths of one percent to the federal government and 3 percent to the state, making 3.3 percent in all. If there is no unemployment-insurance plan in his state, he need pay the federal government only 3 percent. He is then saved the trouble of wrestling with two sets of taxes and the annoyance of keeping extra books and being visited by extra sets of inspectors. He also avoids the risk that his state, once it has set up unemployment insurance, may increase the rate to 4 or 5 percent. We predict that under these circumstances, many employers will put up a bitter fight to prevent unemployment insurance in their states.

We have several times pointed out in our pages the advantages of one unified national system of unemployment insurance, with national standards and universal application, particularly in a country whose economic life flows so readily across state lines, and one in which the ownership of wealth and the accumulation of profits are largely concentrated in one area. The weakness of the present plan mentioned above adds force to the argument that sooner or later we shall be compelled to follow the other system, now in operation throughout most of the industrialized nations. Meanwhile, however, we shall be setting up a system of state plans which, no matter how badly they work, will become a going concern and a vested interest to be dislodged only at an appalling expense of money and time.

The hope for amelioration of the worst weaknesses of the bill must now rest with the Senate. The House habitually takes its orders from the administration; but the Senate has a mind of its own. Upon its progressive members, who must now lead the fight, there rests an overwhelming responsibility.

Pure Foods Can Wait

THAT THE government should have the power to protect public health would hardly seem to be debatable. Yet simple and self-evident as it sounds, there are certain groups that do not find the proposition acceptable. This was demonstrated in the Senate within the fortnight when a determined attempt was made to destroy the Copeland pure food and drug bill by saddling it with hostile amendments. Though these tactics wer not wholly successful in emasculating the bill, they did succeed in blocking its progress and probably in killing it, at least for far as the present session of Congress is concerned.

The reasons for the attack on Senator Copeland's bill, mainly inspired by the patent-medicine makers and the newspaper publishers, are not far to seek. For the measure represented more than the traditional pure-food legislation. It aimed not only to curb the sale of adulterated and dangerous foods, drugs and cosmetics but also to curb the false advertising of these products. That is where the proprietary group and their stanch allies, the American Newspaper Publishers' Association, come into the picture.

Under the present Food and Drugs Act, now nearly thirty years old and full of loopholes, the Food and Drug Administration has no power whatever over advertising. It can deal only with misstatements on the label or package of an article. Thus, as the law stands, any quack remedy can employ the most fradulent curative claims in its advertising. Even today, to cite but one example, a horse liniment—consisting of turpentine, eggs and ammonia—is being advertised as a cure for pneumonia, tuberculosis, blood poisoning and a dozen other diseases. The Food and Drug Administration is, however, powerless to handle this case (or hundreds of similar ones) because the label of the product is truthful; the false claims are made only in the advertising. Unquestionably, the major contribution to be hoped for from the Copeland bill was that it would protect the public from being deceived by such advertising.

However, the publishers and the proprietary men—the only important groups now fighting the Copeland bill—have apparently forestalled such protection. Two amendments that these groups have been pushing were offered in the Senate by

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Senators Bailey of North Carolina and Clark of Missouri (the home state of Listerine). The purpose of one of these amendments, which the Senate adopted, was to prevent the Food and Drug Administration from taking speedy action in stopping the sale of drugs that are "dangerous to health under the conditions of use prescribed in the labeling or advertising thereof." It can make only one seizure of a dangerous drug and must then resort to court procedure, susceptible of great delay, before stopping further sales. Indeed, since the drug must be seriously dangerous to health, such items as the horse liniment, already referred to, would probably never be touched. It is not adulterated (its ingredients are pure eggs, ammonia and turpentine) and it is not dangerous to health—if you are healthy enough to withstand that sort of diet. It is merely an outright fraud—a thing that the vested interests fighting the bill are not willing to stop. By this amendment, it should be noted, the Food and Drug Administration is not only deprived of effective control over false patent-medicine advertising but also loses certain powers over false labeling that it has even under the present inadequate law.

The purpose of the second amendment was to place control over all advertising in the hands of the Federal Trade Commission rather than with the Food and Drug Administration. The Senate had no opportunity to vote on this proposal because Senator Copeland, in order to save his bill, prevented a vote by having the bill returned to the calendar—a parliamentary move that gives other legislation the right of way. Thus the bill may or may not be called up for consideration again, depending on whether Senator Copeland is able to win a majority to his side, a circumstance that now seems unlikely. In the course of the debate preceding this action, however, Senator Copeland adequately described the real intent of this amendment:

> Talk about sending these matters to the Federal Trade Commission! A lawyer friend of mine who is said to have an income of more than $100,000 a year confided in me yesterday about a case in which he was retained in 1922. He said there was a notice sent out by the Federal Trade Commission that his client was disobeying the law. He said that in 1929, seven years later, his client got a cease and desist order, and from 1929 until this month he has been able by injunctions to stand off action, and now after thirteen years the case is in the circuit court of appeals. If Senators want to "protect" the American people by that sort of procedure, let them do it.

To Senator Copeland, the apparent defeat of his bill must be especially disheartening. During the two years that it has been before Congress he has consulted and bargained with practically every business interest affected—with the manufacturers of foods, drugs and cosmetics, with fruit growers, with newspaper and magazine publishers. To get the support and approval of these groups, he has yielded on inumerable points, until the bill is now scarcely a shadow of what it once was. Originally intended to protect both the public health and the public purse, it was speedily changed so that the public purse was no longer a consideration. The provision that would have required food manufacturers to establish quality standards for their foods and label them accordingly was dropped. The provision that would have prohibited all false and misleading advertising was watered down to permit "trade puffing"—the prideful boasting that manufacturers yield to when talking about their products and that permits a dozen or a hundred manufacturers to announce, in their advertising, that their particular brand of canned asparagus or tomatoes is absolutely the finest par excellence.

But even these and many other concessions did not apparently, satisfy the dealers in quack remedies. Their obstinacy finally resulted in forcing Senator Copeland to abandon his conciliatory attitude and observe that "every slimy serpent of a vile manufacturer of patent medicine is right now working his wiggling way around this Capitol." There was, he said,

> a conspiracy on the part of these patent-medicine men —and some of them are sitting in the gallery right now as I speak—seeking to defeat the bill. Then there are certain newspaper interests who are so afraid that they will not be permitted any more to run the vile advertising which I have exhibited, who are so afraid that their dividends will be affected by this attack upon their revenues, that they are here in force, and possibly, though I pray not, they may have influence enough to beat the bill.

Despite the Senator's prayers, it appears that these forces have sufficient influence. Meanwhile, it is interesting to conjecture about what became of that part of the New Deal program which was to confer new benefits on the consumer and give him added protection against the unscrupulous forces in business. For the failure of President Roosevelt specifically to endorse the Copeland bill and to make it part of his "must" program undoubtedly counted heavily against it.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1935, IN THE U. S., BY THE NEW REPUBLIC, INC., 40 EAST 49TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY. BRUCE BLIVEN, PRESIDENT, DANIEL MEBANE, TREASURER.

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What Electricity Should Cost

THE TIME has come to do something definite about cutting unwarranted variations and mystifying bunk out of electric rate schedules. The need of standardization and simplicity is real and should be an integral part of the widespread trend toward rate reductions, with due observance of the valid relation between rates and the actual known costs of supplying service.

We have now 20,000,000 domestic consumers. There are around 12,000 different kinds of monthly bills, a majority of which are not only unintelligible but fluctuate violently in price for the same amount of current served under like conditions. These facts are rapidly becoming known and are almost as irritating to the public as the high cost of current itself. The legitimate costs of generating, transmitting and distributing electricity are now known. It is not only practicable but financially feasible for the industry as a whole to put in force this year a domestic rate schedule of the following order which would combine the three essential elements of reduction, uniformity and simplicity:

A minimum charge of 75 cents for the first 15 kilowatt-hours.
Three cents for the next 85 kilowatt-hours.
Two cents for all kilowatt-hours in excess of 100.
One cent for off-peak kilowatt-hours.

This is a starter for 1935. Demonstrated facts as to the effect of lowered rates upon consumption and increase of revenues indicate that the industry can well afford to modify this schedule progressively so that by 1940 a standardized rate will not vary greatly from the following:

A minimum charge of 75 cents for the first 25 kilowatt-hours.
Two cents for the next 75 kilowatt-hours.
One cent for all kilowatt-hours in excess of 100.
Three-fourths of a cent for off-peak kilowatt-hours.

Under the proposed 1935 schedule, $3.30—which is about all the average American family budget can now allot monthly to the electric item—will buy 100 kilowatt-hours, or enough for minimum lighting, minor appliances and refrigeration.

By 1940, $3.30 would purchase 205 kilowatt-hours, or enough to meet the above needs in addition to some cooking. Off-peak energy—that used between 11 P.M. and 6 A.M. only—at one cent or three-fourths of a cent will permit thousands of homes to enjoy an electric hot-water heater.

Let us look at this proposal. In the first place, the set-up is simple, but not too simple. It is based on the fact that electricity is a commodity. So much of this commodity costs so much, easily figured by blocks, clearly indicated, the unit price decreasing as the amount used increases. The customer is not irritated nor are his suspicions aroused by a "service charge," a "customer charge," a "meter charge," an "initial charge," a "demand charge," based on the number of square feet or rooms in the house, the "outlets," the "number of sockets" or the color of the family cat's fur. In the past, when the industry was feeling its way, there may have been some justification for such hocus-pocus. There is no sound reason for its continuance. Interconnected systems serving large areas, increased diversity of demand for all services and the leveling up of load curves have ended the need for that.

The public's long standing mistrust is now being confirmed by the startling disparities and absurdities revealed by the recent preliminary report of the Rate Survey of the Federal Power Commission. For example, that different private companies charge, for a monthly use of 500 kilowatt-hours of domestic service, $7.30 in Springfield, Illinois; $10.10 in Washington, D. C.; $25.55 in New York and Brooklyn. Again, that over 12,000 different kinds of domestic rate schedules have thus far been disclosed and that the consumers of one city could be billed under 530 different schedules. How can any person make an intelligent choice from such a maze? It is no secret that even government engineers and specialists making this rate survey are encountering the greatest difficulty in deciphering these thousands of complicated schedules in order to arrive at comparable costs for given quantities of current in different places and present the results in accurate, intelligent form.

For many years disinterested advisers of the electrical industry have warned that such practices were undermining public confidence, but to no avail. The rate-research committee of the old National Electric Light Association actually encouraged mixed, instead of uniform, rates. Manifestly, the industry desired fog, not daylight, on this subject, just as in past years it strove to keep secret the actual costs, first, of generation, then of transmission and, finally, of distribution of current, as well as the real cash investment in properties.

In recent times, however, independent agencies, and now state and federal commissions, are revealing these facts. Public education goes on apace. It is high time that the industry take cognizance of changed conditions and squarely meet the necessities of the public, through whose sufferance and by whose permission it is authorized to engage in the utility business.

If it is objected that this standardized cut would destroy the industry along with its widows and orphans and wreck the Constitution by depriving investors of their property without due process of

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law, the answer is that several of the better managed private companies are already successfully operating on rates below the schedule proposed, and that the nation cannot be expected to pay the penalties of gross mismanagement or of practices that smack of financial brigandage.

The truth is that any company can put this proposed 1935 objective into effect because it is not based on theory but on sound practice. The Cleveland (Ohio) Electric Illuminating Company has long furnished 15 kilowatt-hours for only 60 cents. In St. Louis, the Laclede Power and Light Company provides 100 kilowatt-hours for $2.85; and Buffalo has a net rate quite similar to that suggested, since 100 kilowatt-hours monthly there cost only $3.06 as against $3.30 as proposed. These companies are in a healthy financial condition; the Cleveland rates apply to a good part of northeastern Ohio as served by the company.

To take a late example from a region much in the news. As a direct result of the low rate schedules set up by the T.V.A. for Muscle Shoals current, the Commonwealth and Southern Corporation and its subsidiaries in Alabama, Georgia and Tennessee cut their rates on September 1, 1934, and made them uniform over these states, which include over 1,300 communities. The companies announced an estimated "loss" of $1,500,000 in domestic revenue, but instead of a loss, September, 1934, showed an increase of 0.3 percent as against the same month in 1933, and the third month, November, yielded an increase of 2.8 percent as against the same month of the previous year. In September there was a 32-percent increase in the number of kilowatt-hours used and a 10-percent increase in the number of customers.

Meantime, the average domestic cost dropped 1.2 cents per kilowatt-hour, or approximately 24 percent. This is a healthy beginning. Let us now examine the schedules under which these results were obtained. The customer is given a choice of two schedules. First, the New or Immediate Rate, which reads as follows:

First	25 k.w.h.	at	6.5 cents
Next	35 "	"	5.0 cents
Next	140 "	"	3.0 cents
Over	200 "	"	1.5 cents

Minimum $1 per month.

Or, he can elect the new Inducement or Promotional Rate, the terms of which are:

First	15 k.w.h.		$1.
Next	50 "	at	4.5 cents
Next	135 "	"	2.0 cents
Next	200 "	"	1.25 cents
Over	700 "	"	1.0 cents

Minimum $1 per month.

After three years, the Immediate Rate will be eliminated and all customers will be billed under the New Promotional Rate, the purpose of which, of course, is to induce increased consumption. These schedules constitute a forward stride for the cause of rate stabilization. Their rapid adoption has been effected without the usual appeal to a hierarchy of courts, with consequent years of hearings, litigation and delay. There is not a utility in the United States today that cannot follow this example if it wishes to, for this corporation operates in what utility men rate as lean territory.

The immediate increase of company revenues shown again demonstrates the axiom that usage increases as rates are reduced. This is still more strikingly proven by results achieved under the still lower standard T.V.A. rates. They were first put into effect in Tupelo, Mississippi, in March, 1934, with the following domestic schedule:

First	50 k.w.h. per month	at	3	cents per k.w.h.
Next	150 " " "	"	2	" " "
Next	200 " " "	"	1	" " "
Excess over	400 " " "	"	0.4	" " "

This represented an average drop of about 55 percent as against the preceding rates charged by the city, the profits then being turned into the town treasury. From an average residence consumption of only 42 kilowatt-hours per month, usage jumped to 61 in June and to 98 in November. The average national consumption is about 53 kilowatt-hours per month. T.V.A. service to Corinth, Mississippi, and Athens, Georgia, shows the same trend. The above experiences confirm the soundness of low rates from every point of view. Customers benefit from cheap, abundant use; manufacturers of electrical equipment are doing a profitable business. In these communities gross revenues are adequate to cover operating and fixed costs, provide for new construction and retire bonds.

Observation of a multitude of such facts as are here presented, plus intensive engineering and cost-accounting studies by impartial official agencies, have swept aside the mysteries surrounding the electrical industry and justify the contentions here made. The New York State Power Authority's recent report reached this significant conclusion, among others:

> Variation in the cost of distributing electricity to any class of customer, as between the various municipalities, proves to be much less than commonly understood. . . . An intensive study of conditions over a wide area in the United States shows that the savings in retail electric rates justified by this survey would not mean a corresponding decrease in the revenues derived from the supplying of electric service, because a truly promotional rate would result in a rapid increase in average use per customer. Private companies . . . have improved both their gross and net income by reducing rates to the levels suggested. . . . *We are confident that a single residential rate schedule for the entire state, including farm service, will eventually be found economically practicable.*

The need for a standard domestic rate has also been set forth in the report of the Federal Power

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Commission. It is a well known and useful truth of utility history that the more pronounced reductions in private-company rates, the results of which have been so instructive, have been forced by the fact or threat of competition with publicly owned plants. President Roosevelt, in the case of Muscle Shoals and other projects, including his earlier advocacy of the St. Lawrence development, made a wider application of a well tried, sound method of regulation.

In ten states adjacent to Muscle Shoals, savings of over $10,000,000 through rate reductions are reported to have been effected. Influenced by developments in the T.V.A. territory, the city of Cincinnati and the Union Gas and Electric Company in July, 1934, reached a rate agreement that will benefit over 400,000 people. It provided progressive reductions from 1934 to 1937. Chattanooga recently voted, two to one, to join the T.V.A.

The belief that the public plant is the only method by which low rates and abundant use can be achieved is rapidly spreading. All that is now needed to turn this impression into a passionate mass conviction is a continuance of the old methods of propaganda, lawsuits, lobbyists and interference in politics. It will be idle for the industry to plead taxes and losses due to the depression as an excuse. Every soundly financed electric operating company has pulled through this depression successfully. It is time we heard more of these successes and the stellar part the domestic customer has played in keeping these companies out of the red by actually increasing his use at a time when revenue from the industrial customer fell off disastrously.

It is unwise for the industry to attempt to force domestic customers to furnish a disproportionate share of its profits. Hence the next great problem facing the industry is whether it will reward these consumers by the general introduction of uniform rates at fair levels. This standardization cannot be effected by regulation alone. The commissions, hampered as they are by false standards of value and enchained by a generation of court decisions antagonistic to the public interest, cannot obtain it by themselves. The initiative must be taken by the utility companies.

If the leaders who control these electrical properties—in contradistinction to the investors who own them—prove themselves incapable of gauging the peril of the situation in its threat to bona-fide investments, and act accordingly, then we can look forward to a rapid transition to public ownership. The people will not continue to pay through the nose to ensure dividends on inflated values. They now know what rates should be and the part that plentiful, cheap and widely distributed power can play in the social economy now in the making. They will overthrow the present system of private-utility ownership rather than be thwarted by it. The people now know how to by-pass ineffective regulation.

MORRIS LLEWELLYN COOKE.

Dust

IN THE western half of Kansas spring is a fairy time of flowing green wheat fields, of wild-plum thickets foaming into whiteness, of anemones and wild verbena, of blue-blue skies washing into infinity, of sweet, clean curtains, of hope and joy storing themselves against the scorching summer to come.

But this is the spring of 1935. Nothing is as usual. It is like a long nightmare from which we cannot get free. Occasionally, perhaps once a week, the sky has its old blueness. But it no longer fools us into hope.

At first when those days came, women sprang happily into action. Life was resuming its normal spring pattern, they thought. In every house along the little streets vacuum cleaners whined. In every back yard curtains hung freshening. On every front porch brooms whisked and water splashed.

That was at first. We are wiser now in the ways of nightmares. Even a shower brings no lift of spirit. For we have been taught that until it rains and rains all along that mighty strip of drought-baked prairie running from Canada to the Gulf and reaching to the feet of the Rockies, our own showers are but moments when we almost swim back to consciousness. Once we had a rain that came slowly and lasted all day. Hope stirred feebly. But that night the wind came up from the northwest. In the morning dust lay so thick and brown over everything that we knew the rain itself had been only a segment of the dream.

No wonder the bright days have become mere light moments in the nightmare. Only one or two of them come in a week, sometimes none at all. On most days the sky is a gray-brown cap hanging above us. Sometimes the murky cap lightens by afternoon into a thin veil. Sometimes it deepens so slowly that we scarcely notice the gathering darkness.

Once a series of such days would have disturbed us profoundly, for on these high plains the air is unbelievably clear, the sunshine hard and bright. We have liked to boast that we can see the flirt of a ground squirrel's tail a mile away. But this spring we have ceased to think of the gray days as bad. They are the regular days, the usual days that no one bothers to notice.

Even the storms are losing their drama. They are simply something that must be endured. If only they came up the same each time we might grow used to them. But no two of them have been exactly alike. Sometimes they strike in the night. We sleep always with one ear open now. Only if we are brave and the stars are bright at bedtime do we open a window. On all but the worst nights there is anxious discussion in every household, "Shall we risk opening a window?" On the worst nights there is no discussion.

If we leave the slightest aperture, we sleep with ears "set" to catch the first rattle of window panes, the first bang of the garden gate. If we do not

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these warnings, the dust comes in upon us. ifts like snow under the windows. It settles the blankets. It is drawn into our noses and s. It creeps into our dreams. Deeper and er into our helpless bodies it burrows until ly outraged nasal tissue wakes us.

oses burning, throats raw, we run to the win- . Bare toes strike into the plushy dust-drifts he floor. Fumbling hands send an acrid shower ng out of the curtains. The window is bolted n now. But the air inside the room, the air nust breathe, is thick. A wet bath towel flapped ut collects some of the dust. A few flaps and black. A trip for water to rinse the grit from lips. And then back to bed with wet wash- hs over our noses. We try to lie still, because very turn stirs the dust on the blankets. After a while, if we are good sleepers, we forget.

The day storms are worse because then we can- ot lose ourselves in sleep. They come in various ways. Sometimes after raging and roaring all night, the wind dies down in the early morning. But the dust it has whipped thousands of feet into the air still hangs over us. It must fall, all of it, a mile of it, two miles of it, before the storm is over.

There is no dawn. Farmers with a forty-year habit of early rising sleep until nine o'clock. A bewildered look at the clock and then at the black dow panes. A watch brought out to verify the e. The moment of bewilderment fades into ary resignation. "It's only the dust, mother."

trange world. The dawn is not coming today. e quiet is spectral. Even the children are awed it.

No dawn, no schools, no traffic, almost no work. e boss phones not to try to come down, there's business anyway.

t is hell for housewives. They wash the kitchen ce, wash the work table, wash each cooking sil as they use it. Breakfast is ready at last. April, when robins should be foraging on the n and lilacs purpling by the kitchen window, akfast by lamplight has an unearthly quality. is like trying to eat at two in the morning be- e setting out on a journey. (Ah, but today and morrow we'll have dinner and supper too by plight!)

Strange world! Strange for the farmer strug- ig disconsolately to care for his stock and for shopkeeper worrying at his ledger. But anger for women, whose work is always about m. The blessed threads of routine that bind together are snapped. Dust everywhere, a n layer of it thickening on all the furniture, oing into every crevice, befouling every dear ession. Sewing and laundry are impossible, ing would be madness. Some women fold draperies and wall hangings away in trunks, down their pictures and roll up their rugs. rs, less heroic before bareness, seal the win- shut with long white strips of adhesive tape. ts are spread over upholstered pieces, rags wedged into closet doors. But such jobs are soon over and the hours drag.

Life is a blank like the coppery darkness outside. We wait, simply wait, while the dust falls. It falls slowly because it is incredibly fine. Sweeping it from the porch is like sweeping the softest talc. The idle hours drag on. All the sadness humanity has ever known distils itself into these hours of waiting. Foreboding gnaws at the soul. The old racial sense of utter helplessness in a hostile universe returns. All day, perhaps all of another day, the dust falls.

At last the air thins somewhat, and lighted automobiles begin to crawl along the highway. No speeding now. Even the lackwit driver creeps cautiously, worming his way along a highway banked with snow fences drifted level full. Slowly, slowly the pall lifts and eyes resume seeing. An apple tree buried to the crotch in red sand makes a pitiful attempt to bloom. It cannot quite forget April. A farmhouse has been sunk to the window casings. Fields are bare as the desert floor. Quietness everywhere.

Or the storm may be dramatic.

A black or yellow or copper-brown cloud pokes its ugly head over the horizon. It rises slowly at first, then swiftly. It marches angrily, blotting out the world as it comes. Children scurry like chickens to their mother's wing. With a howl the storm bursts upon us. The impact is like a shovelful of fine sand flung against the face. People caught in their own yards grope for the doorstep. Cars come to a standstill, for no light in the world can penetrate that swirling murk.

Dust masks are snatched from pockets and cupboards. But masks do not protect the mouth. Grit cracks between the teeth, the dust taste lies bitter on the tongue, grime is harsh between the lips.

The house rocks and mumbles. Dust comes in, driven somehow through bolted windows, even through taped windows. It seems to sift through the very walls. The family huddles together. If quiet storms excite brooding anxiety, this one is pure terror even to plains people hardened to the wind. The darkness is like the end of the world.

In time the fury subsides. If the wind has spent itself, the dust will fall silently for hours. If the wind has only settled into a good steady blow, the air will be thick for days. During those days as much of living as possible will be moved to the basement, while pounds and pounds of dust sift into the house. It is something, however, to have the house stop rocking and mumbling.

The nightmare is deepest during the storms. But on the occasional bright day and the usual gray day we cannot shake free from it. We live with the dust, eat it, sleep with it, watch it strip us of possessions and the hope of possessions. It is becoming the Real. The poetic uplift of spring fades into a phantom out of the storied past.

The nightmare is becoming Life.

AVIS D. CARLSON.

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SOME MIDWESTERN POETS

Although all of these are poems by people Midwestern in origin, it has been my aim in collecting them less to establish a Middle Western school than to include as many varieties and degrees of talent from a vaguely circumscribed geographical area as I could. These are poems that have more to do with poetry and the temper of our time than geography. If they are not lyrists, these poets may be said to be something of propagandists, but their propaganda is secondary and inoffensive in their work. A common culture is not conspicuous in them. The hoopla of "Ammurikunism," which might more closely bind together a group of poets from the Middle West, is satisfactorily absent.

These are chiefly "young" poets.—R. E. F. L.

In the Ravine

The water moves through the ravine
Quite thin and slow. This stream is not
The boiling flood that used to rot
The very rock that lay below.

Now is the time of fern and moss,
Of fungus and the red decay
In tree trunks fallen from the day
Where high green summits used to toss.

No more of you, no more of me,
Even if strangely you insist.
I cannot find within the mist
Those streets you pace insistently.

I cannot hear within the night
Your voice, or ever understand
The words you speak, or clasp your hand,
Or walk beside you in the light.

The year has closed when I could be
The servant of your daily task.
I serve no more. The night winds ask
No more of you, no more of me.

GRANT HYDE CODE.

Three Doves Flying

Birds come up in flight
have no memory but for fields, flying where
no fright lurks, nothing is left of death in upper air.

These are fragments of time against the sun.
When they are done
with flight, there will be others coming up the sky
without sound beyond small cry
on a roof's edge in first light.

AUGUST W. DERLETH.

Return to Wisconsin

Go home, train waits, the airport clear, go home,
starlight midnight over Lake Erie and
prairie and town's end at an inland shore:

to find the room again where I was born
(dark window and stone cornice: floor to let)
walk down the street and know the house is gone.

They have changed the name of the street
and destroyed the number:
warehouse and tenement
storefront coal yard
except that moment when the river
runs under the iron bridge to bright lake water
harbor at noon and the sudden green
park embankment glows, spring in my heart,
the city in the sun.

Walk warily, step very carefully
and if you lived here, that was long ago.
And if I say I love the place I lie,
yet something stronger than love or hate returns,
guides me, restores the dead man in the gutter
(drunk or asleep) but not alive (the face is gone).
Where shall I turn, where shall I go?
I see his hand rise out of stone to point
a finger toward the sky.

The street is closed;
this exit is a wall (the door was there).
Hurry before police unearth the body
and disclose the name.
Come home again next year, come home to sleep;
there will be changes, many names forgotten,
only these places in your heart remain the same.

HORACE GREGORY.

Speech from the Wings

Listen! my generation:
Peace needs no monument
no mound, no mountain whittled to a cenotaph
in Africa, no carved and marble arch
hacked with an epitaph to speak a wilderness
tomorrow, to be the mouth of a desert past,
the mask of windy darkness, speaking new days
desolate.
What have a
thousand thousand wars' toppled and gasping
spoken from broken mouths into the sand
except blood-colored spittle?
What has the stricken
stiffened hand in falling scratched on the vast
imponderable granite tomb of buried times
that was your peace in reading?

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grief's rasp
nd agony's last testament, assigning peace
o heirs that garrulously crowd mirrored and gilt
ntechambers, seeking precedent to sign, seal,
heribbon tomorrow's own stricken syllable
f an indecipherable word ambiguous, unformed,
cratched on a new and brazen day's
brass wall at noon around a smoldering, bleak plain?

You! bearers of packs, who come
to this day-like wilderness from ways
grown plane with broken columns, broken monuments,
bold pediments that show the marble
strength of broken-armed and pelted champions
angled in tree roots, toppled, and their unwheeled
triumphal cars, show Hannibals in bronze
fallen from plinths, from pedestals, as wry
and crisp as any wind-twisted leaf—bronze mouth
broken, sand-filled, speaking hoarsely sticks
from splintered catapults, a rubble of fallen walls,
coarse grass:

Stain of what marble is the blood
Caesar spilled from his veins? what hyacinthine
grieving sea yet keeps fallen Troy's red bleeding?
what carved sharp prow brought even Hannibal
to shores more than death's steeps of exile,
o greeting other than his dirge,
omorrow's lamentation?

I say: Peace—is peace come
with bloody shields, field-flower-wreathed?
I say—showing racked hands, the blackened place
where the heart was, brow bled by helmet
blumed with smoke and desolation:

"Peace!—
"The flesh of peace like water shows no wounds."

RAYMOND E. F. LARSSON.

Bellevue Hospital: 1934

f you could have straight speech with your sorrow—

Overlooking the East River, the sunlight soft on it,
And factory stacks rising as if from the huge
Hulk of an ocean liner docked as I am,
Tethered to the wharf of my past.
The contemplation of no new journeys
Hoists the anchor of fear. Futility weighs us down
And we watch the stereoptic life of East River:
Shadows detached from the sun—cold air
In the blue nostrils of steamships.

So much to be forgotten, if one would exist
Before terror! The silence of psychopathic wards
Imprisons the nerves. *If you could have straight*
Speech with your sorrow—

ught in sudden silence, one screams
nd cannot scream, reaching for sympathy
ut to the warm arms
And his hands beside him).

NORMAN MACLEOD.

To One Who Cries from the Mountains

Exhort the hopeful into anger! Aye, but the foreigner
wind will catch the words and toss them to the stars,
from there to fall like snow, silent and heartless.

You, who from precipice eastward look and marvel,
who see the trees are tortured and the meadows mortal,
and over all see how the snow is falling, falling,
silent and heartless like the stuff of years:
such eagle-aloofness hastens death. No more such calling!

Causes are not songs which loneliness fathers
from whispers to exalted choirs.
Causes are waves that grow in water out of water.
Therefore come down into the valleys and live among us
who under boughs replenish the grave's hunger.
See the scars on our thighs, our backs hooked over dust,
our stalled-in-shadow houses, the brave, the donkey-humble.

Remember. Though Plato and proud More were such as you,
they were musicians. They drummed an ideal skull with straws.
Forget their varnished reputations and see the blood-drops in the dew.
No nation was ever altered by their laws.

C. A. MILLSPAUGH.

Winter Marketplace

December dusk like fog withdraws
The form but leaves the substance still.
Mute emanation from dim drains
And street-stones desolate and chill,
The night comes, a gloom rising there
Amid the wheels of wagons, as
Stairs sink; as doorways fade
Dumbly; as the hucksters' nags
Stand motionless in mounting shade.
Hueless the awning hangs in dusk.
The last roof-stone burns and wanes.

Now circled lamps alone recall,
Vaguely, as memory to the mind,
The wraiths once thought substantial
Before sense faltered and went blind;
And sunk like things in a time done
Or forms beheld in sleep, faint house
On house confronts the shuttered square,
And pavement, rail and standing wall
Leap, soundless, if a lamp-flame's blown,
Or vanish if that sleeper rouse
Who stands unseen, anonymous there.

He sees through shifting glooms. He sees
The wares in cart and lanterned stall,
The sidewalks crowded with cooped fowl,
With baskets, with felled winter trees;
—Sees, past the cold misty panes,
The meats, the glowing fruits piled high,

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The glazed cakes. As in fear he turns
To the strange faces glimmering by;
And suddenly, seeing, himself is drawn,
Webbed in the deep dream. He walks on,
He is caught in the dark crowds. He is gone.

Caught amid moving shapes of men,
He must walk with the many feet
Following in the invisible maze,
Nor may his footsteps' sound again
Be raveled from those devious ways,
But now obscurity and chill
Move everywhere with the loose wind,
The lamps plunge, the blind papers blow,
And if in like unrest or no
With him, or in some kinder wind,
The sign swings all night without end.

ELDER OLSON.

Two Horses Running

Stagnant the land as the poison-green liquid that coiled in the dead water-courses;
over fields baked to flint or abraded to powder the cattle and horses
wandered heads low and tails lax or stood under winter-bare trees
and searched the horizon in quest of the ghost of a breeze . . .
and the breeze came at last, stealthy, sudden and curt—the breeze came
like a lash from a quirt that was knotted with pebbles of flame.

And then from a hill in a pasture where cattle lay panting and hoping
without hope for the sting of the rain in the dust by bone-bleached water-tanks
two young horses heads high side by side swept down at a gallop . . . came loping
with the sun in their manes and aflame on their free-swinging shoulders and flanks.

KENNETH W. PORTER.

At Lake Desolation

The sun is about to come up and the regiments lie
scattered in the furrows their large eyes
wet in the pale light and their throats cut
at noon the plow shearing the purple loam
and the hands of the plowmen the blood
black on the knuckles he has asked
he has seen the naked virgins and matrons
impaled and disemboweled he has asked
he has seen water wafering
over stones he has asked he has seen
the roan gelding break through the alkali crust
sink rampant in the fetid mud he has asked
moving toward hot crepuscular horizons
he has asked he has seen the nude children
run screaming he has asked their eyes
festering their nostrils scalded he has asked
the fermented pulp oozes through the rotting fruit sk
the unborn phoenix screams within the breakfast eggs
the horrible abundances the little blind answers
like maggots the dukes on the towering moor
benighted in their cardboard armor and he
locked in the vertebrae of the sierra saw
the sharp alley of night the trail
glimmering and feet pausing and going
on beside him and beyond the tangled
thicket and the thorns saw
Hakeldama the potter's field
full of dead strangers

KENNETH REXROTH.

He's Come My Way

Defeat has come my way: I welcome him.
I ask him to come in: I welcome him.
For in Defeat I have found victory.
He is my enemy, he is my friend.
So batter me, Defeat—and all you please.
Knife me, Defeat, and knife me to the end.
Ah, tramp me down, Defeat!—do as you please.
I'll come again like roots of sassafras
And I shall grow, grow stately in your face.
I am no idle wind to stir the grass
And kiss the belly of the copperhead!—
I'm not a thing you can fling any place,
But I'm a piece of something wrong and right
Ready to meet you any place and fight.

JESSE STUART.

Birds in Sunlight

I lay in the sun
Remembering your image,
Light recalling your bright head,
The little terrace of your lacy yoke
That nestled like fine snow.

Daylight helped me to know. . . .

I raised my head:
The blue widened out
And you were farther up.

I saw white birds floating;
Light glazed their bodies
And I looked through their breasts
Like clear glass.

With their very selves
They drew the letter L
In their flying.

MARK TURBYFILL

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The Japs Live Cheap

DURING the last few days, New England textile manufacturers have spread alarming stories of the Japanese trade menace. hree New England Governors visited the White ouse to protest against Japanese competition, and Roosevelt has since ordered a full-dress investigation by the Tariff Commission. Three fair-sized New England mills recently closed, and their failure was laid primarily to Japan. The Consumers' Goods Industries Committee of the N.R.A.—whose chairman, George Sloan, is also head of the Cotton Textile Institute—now demands protection for all low-cost manufactures against Japan, and last week in the House Edith Nourse Rogers exhibited a hundred American products side by side with much cheaper Japanese copies.

In ordinary times, such talk might be ignored. But, at present, relations between this country and Japan are bad, worse perhaps than they were during Japan's seizure of Manchuria in 1931-32. The United States and Japan are engaged in a naval-armaments race; at the moment, we are planning the greatest maneuvers in our history, within striking distance of Japan's northern islands, and Japan is planning similar maneuvers off Hawaii. In such circumstances, accusations that Japanese competition is throwing American workers on the streets, and threatening our general economic security, are dangerous. They are especially dangerous because, although in reality Japan's competition is comparatively trivial, it is true that the Japanese have shown ostentatious aggressiveness in competing with American business men in the United States market, in Latin America and in the Far East. For the sake of future peace, the facts should be understood.

The story of Japan's invasion of the domestic market is briefly told. For 1934, Japanese imports of cotton textiles were 7,000,000 yards, an average of slightly more than 500,000 yards a month. Last January they leaped to 3,500,000 yards, and for February to 4,000,000. Roosevelt, in his interview with the New England Governors, pointed out that even at the four-million-a-month rate, Japan's imports would only equal seven-tenths of one percent of the total domestic production. It is true that the Japanese imports fall almost wholly in the bleached category, but, even if bleached goods are considered exclusively, Japanese imports reach only about five percent of our production. Other Japanese imports showing recent marked increases are straw hats, tissue and toilet paper, chinaware, electric bulbs, dolls and other toys, brushes and pencils. From 1933 to 1934, imports of straw hats rose from $896,000 to ',204,000; tissue and toilet paper from $165,000 $198,000; chinaware from $1,560,000 to $2,-7,000; electric bulbs from $791,000 to $833,-000; dolls from $168,000 to $280,000; other toys from $690,000 to $1,280,000; brushes from $450,000 to $638,000; pencils from $67,000 to $114,000. It is clear that Japan does not now offer a serious threat to American industry.

Unnecessary alarm is created, undoubtedly, by the support given to its export industries by the Japanese government. For example, American textiles have long been protected by a heavy tariff; how is it that Japan now suddenly leaps this barrier? Our trade experts find no evidence of any recent lowering of Japanese manufacturing costs. It is suspected that the cause lies in an "artificial" reduction of Japanese shipping and other distribution charges, which are controlled by the Japanese government through subsidies. From such a suspicion, it is a short step to the belief that the present textile imports are part of a deep Japanese plan. According to reports, which the writer is unable to confirm, within the last few days the State Department has approached the Japanese government with a proposal that it agree informally to restrict future Japanese textile imports. According to these reports, only after negotiations had failed did Roosevelt order the present investigation.

There is one basic fact about Japan, as an international trader, that must be kept in mind. Japan's present desperate efforts, the world over, to drum up trade are not due to any native ferocity in the Japanese character, but have an entirely legitimate cause, the fall in silk prices, which has forced a complete rebuilding of Japanese economy. Until the 1929 depression, the United States and Japan were engaged in a neat little business of swapping cotton for silk. We were Japan's biggest customer, and Japan was our third biggest. This trade was the backbone of Japan's business structure. We paid Japan almost twice as much for its silk as it paid us for our cotton, and with the surplus in international payments thus acquired, Japan was able year after year to buy whatever it needed from abroad for its national housekeeping. This pleasant, peaceable arrangement was blown to bits by the depression and the perfection of rayon. Silk dropped to a fourth of its former price, and, because of the competition of rayon, this new level is likely to be permanent. Against this, the price of cotton, except for a temporary dip in 1932, has tended to increase. In 1929, Japan's favorable balance of trade with the United States reached 172,746,000 yen. Last year, Japan had an adverse balance of trade with us amounting to 49,704,000 yen.

This violent reversal of the flow of Japanese-American commerce has had many and complicated results. The first group to be affected were the young people of the miserable little Japanese farms,

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on which silk cocoons were the cash crop. With the collapse of silk prices, the young men, entering the army, desperately and bitterly supported General Araki in the overthrow of the liberal-capitalist Wakatsuki regime, and the seizure of Manchuria. The young women went into the textile factories in greater numbers than ever before. Housed in company dormitories, fed on company meals, they formed the cheapest labor in any modern industrial country, but labor that, for all its cheapness, was intelligent and efficient. On the basis of this increased cheap labor supply, reinforced by cheap engineers, chemists and designers, Japan set out to make up by exports of cotton textiles what it had lost in silk. Because the same individuals who own the textile industry were also powerful in the government, Japan's drive for world textile markets had the appearance of a national effort. In the beginning, it was aided by devaluation of the yen, and it has had the constant assistance of Japanese diplomacy.

After two years of intense activity, however, the Japanese can show only indifferent results. Their greatest success has been in Manchuria, where, by simple force, they have grabbed most of the trade of other countries. Their trade there is also swollen by exports of railroad material and other industrial-military equipment for the Japanese army. After Manchuria, Japan's greatest effort was made in India, but there the Japanese have met with great resistance on the part of Britain. Equal resistance has been encountered in the Dutch East Indies. Surprisingly enough, Japan's largest gains lately have been in its trade with Egypt and Ethiopia. However, in view of the jealousy of Italy and other European Powers, this African business appears uncertain. The reorientation in Japan's trade now taking place is shown by the list of its best customers in 1933 and 1934, and the amounts exported to them: for 1933, United States, 492,238,000 yen; Manchukuo and Kwangtung, 303,140,000 yen; British India, 205,155,000 yen; Dutch East Indies, 157,488,000 yen; China, 131,672,000 yen. For 1934, Manchukuo and Kwangtung, 403,019,000 yen; United States, 398,928,000 yen; British India, 258,021,000 yen; all Africa, 180,000,000 yen; Dutch East Indies, 158,451,000 yen; China, 151,000,000 yen.

One thing that preachers of the Japanese trade menace ought to note is that Latin America does not appear on this list of Japan's best customers. As in the case of our domestic market, the incessant outcry against Japanese competition in Latin America has been based upon a relatively small volume of Japanese imports. Again as in the case of the United States, a great part of the fear of Japan in Latin America has come from Japanese mystery and aggressiveness. At one time last year, half a dozen semi-official Japanese trade missions were simultaneously touring Latin America. Solemnly they attended public luncheons, solemnly made speeches on the great future of trade relations with the country they happened to be in, and solemnly journeyed onwards. For months their activities filled the Latin American press. Agents of United States business houses tremblingly wrote accounts of these Japanese missions to their home offices. Moreover, it is true that in percentages Japanese trade with certain countries shows alarming increases. For example, from 1932 to 1934, Japanese exports to the important nation of Chile increased 2,592 percent. This sounds formidable, but expressed in money, the increase was about two million dollars. The increase of Japan's exports to all South America has been: 1932, 13,133,000 yen; 1933, 30,379,000 yen; 1934, 61,457,000 yen. To Central America, 1932, 5,131,000 yen; 1933, 16,175,000 yen; 1934, 43,295,000 yen. Almost the whole of this increase consists of textiles, and was made chiefly at the expense of England and Italy.

Japan is already encountering hostility, however, from the rapidly growing Latin American textile industry. In Brazil, where Japan thought itself especially well established, it has suffered a resounding defeat. Brazil contains a flourishing, semi-autonomous Japanese colony, long considered a sort of Japanese outpost in the New World. However, with the end of Brazil's great coffee valorization experiment in 1932, many coffee plantations turned to cotton raising, and simultaneously, the Sao Paulo capitalists set about expanding Brazil's textile plant. Protected by tariffs, the Brazilian industry last year supplied virtually all the country's requirements, and Japanese exports to Brazil increased only from 2,766,000 yen to 3,065,000 yen. Because of the nearness and cheapness of Brazilian cotton, Argentina has also begun developing a textile industry. In Mexico, the textile industry has been operating for some time, and is relatively strong.

Japan must also face mounting racial prejudice in Latin America. In Brazil, the present Vargas regime has a vaguely white bias; the Fascist Integralistas are definitely anti-Japanese. Despite strenuous Japanese protests, immigration to Japan's Brazilian colony has been drastically restricted. Anti-Japanese feeling has several times flared up in Peru. Another disadvantage for Japan is her limited ability to make loans and offer credits, factors of great importance in Latin American trade. It likewise is true that Japan buys very little in Latin America. She has a market there for certain kinds of cheap goods, like chinaware, for example, which legitimately belongs to her, but the likelihood of her making any large gains seems slight.

The Chinese market is hardly ever mentioned in the present agitation against Japan. By advancing the price of silver in response to the demand of the sixteen silver Senators, Roosevelt has temporarily ruined not only our trade with China, but that of all countries. It might be argued that, by his silver policy, he has done as much harm to business (other than silver mining) as Japanese "cheap" competition has done, or will do in the predictable futur

JONATHAN MITCHELL.

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Washington Notes

On to 1936!—Mr. Roosevelt Is Confident—
Will Prosperity Come in Time?—
Right-About-Face

IT IS inevitable that a good deal of presidential political flavor should tinge a session of Congress the year preceding a national campaign, but I think the flavor is more pronounced this time than anyone anticipated when Congress convened in January. At that time, the politicians and the country generally were still under the spell of the huge Democratic triumph in the November elections, and the prevailing belief among Republican as well as Democratic politicians was that Mr. Roosevelt's reëlection was so certainly foreshadowed that it was hardly debatable. It was in February that the signs of a diminution in the sentiment for Roosevelt became plain.

For the past six weeks there has been persistent talk that the President is slipping. The change in the situation has been recognized by both his friends and his foes. Naturally, this has revived interest in presidential politics. It rekindled Republican hopes, which had been almost nonexistent, and various aspiring gentlemen of the opposition, more or less ridiculously, began to groom themselves for what they believed might after all be a race. Then, too, there was the threat of Huey Long, to run on a "Share the Wealth" platform as an independent candidate. After a beginning almost free from politics, Congress is now fairly buzzing with political considerations, and every measure is being considered from the political angle.

However, what I really want to discuss is the administration's attitude toward this situation and its manner of meeting it. First, let me say that Mr. Roosevelt is thoroughly cognizant of the current talk. He has not only read about it in the carefully selected press clippings laid on his desk every morning, but he has been given the facts as they are seen by various friendly members of House and Senate. I believe I am being completely accurate when I say that Mr. Roosevelt is not worried, that he is entirely confident of his reëlection and does not believe there has been any change in the people's feeling toward him. And he may be right. It is difficult to tell here in Washington. What we do know is that there is more outspoken opposition to the President on the part of conservative Democratic Senators; that the liberals are disappointed in his failure to carry out logically the full implications of the New Deal philosophy; that the Republicans are more aggressive in attack.

At all of this, Mr. Roosevelt, his intimates say, is amused, not alarmed. True, by announcing that his friend Mr. Jim Farley will retire from the Cabinet at the close of Congress, he has made it possible for Mr. Farley, with less criticism, to devote all of his time to the job of strengthening the Roosevelt political fences. But that is not really any change at all. Mr. Farley was devoting all of his time to that laudable purpose before the announcement was made. At no time since his appointment as Postmaster General has he ever permitted the duties of that office to interfere with his duties as Chairman of the Democratic National Committee, chief administration patronage dispenser and chief political strategist for the party.

The reasons for Mr. Roosevelt's confidence, however, are much more concrete than any possible achievements of Mr. Farley among the practical politicians. What he is primarily counting on for reëlection is a full return of prosperity before the fall of 1936. Of this he is as sure now as he was sure last year that 1935 would be the year in which the government could cut down emergency expenditures and stop borrowing. That he was mistaken about it apparently does not in the least diminish his present confidence. In support of this confidence, his advisers lay stress upon various facts, one of which is the really remarkable rise in the revenues from income taxes.

In another year, it is held, the taxes now on the books will be producing so much money that the allegations of New Deal expenditures' bankrupting the government will become ridiculous. Actually the budget is more than balanced now. It is asserted that the only deficit is due to relief and that the size of the deficit equals the amount of the relief expenditures. The claim is made that, under the new work-relief plan, by the end of the year the government will be out of the relief business, the employables now on the rolls will have jobs on public works and the others will have been returned to the states to care for. Further, they argue, next year it will not be necessary to ask Congress for any additional appropriation either for public works or relief. Nor will an increase in taxes be essential. Thus, Mr. Roosevelt believes, he will be in an almost impregnable position to enter the campaign.

The satisfactory condition of the Treasury will, to a considerable degree, blunt the Republican attack and allay the alarm of the business interests. Their support will be further ensured by the propaganda so industriously spread by the administration organs that unless Mr. Roosevelt is reëlected, the wild radicals will run away with the country. That notion was first promulgated as far back as last December at the various luncheons and dinners held in New York, where confidential friends of Mr. Roosevelt were brought into contact with many of our leading business, banking and financial leaders. It is still being promoted. The craftier politicians here refer to it as the "bulwark" idea and it is regarded by quite a few of them as the administration's most effective argument.

Of course, the real strength of the administration's position lies in the complete failure of the Republicans to develop an attractive alternative for any group, as to either an issue or an individual. It is also correct, I think, to say that Mr. Roosevelt's strategy is to get through everything he can at this session. To this end he is not only insisting upon the full social-security program, the holding-company bill, the banking bill and the N.R.A. legislation, but he also hopes to settle the bonus proposition via the compromise route. In other words, what Mr. Roosevelt aims for next year is a session of Congress in which the administration will have practically nothing in the way of either money or measures to ask, an uneventful session that can be brought to an early close. By the time the national conventions are held, the hope of the inner Roosevelt group is that the President will be established definitely as the conservative candidate.

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There is sound ground for believing that that is what Mr. Roosevelt himself wants. In 1932, as the attacking candidate, he proclaimed himself a progressive. This time he is the administration, and the conservative position seems the stronger politically. Next year, those who know him best are convinced that Mr. Roosevelt, with no more reforms to propose and no more money to request, will turn right with an emphasis that will leave no doubt of his direction. He would, it is said, have made the turn this year had it been election year. As it is, he has been veering rather than turning.

Washington. T. R. B.

Other People's Money

General Johnson as Tap Dancer—S.E.C. Rules —Taxes in Lighting Bills vs. Lighting Bills in Taxes

AFTER all, economics is called the dismal science. It is just as well, therefore, that a little comedy should be introduced into it occasionally. So here is a good laugh for all the dismal economists—the best piece of comedy to penetrate the science in years. Last week, in commenting on the war-profits bill and the plan to prevent war inflation by substituting taxation for borrowing to finance a war, General Johnson wrote:

> It wrongly says that high taxes prevent inflation. Now tax is an element of cost. Cost is an element of price. High taxes make high prices. High prices are inflation. Q.E.D.

At this point the band strikes up and the General goes into an eccentric dance. Unfortunately, the General will not see the comedy here at all. Perhaps his best friend will explain it to him. But the trouble is, his best friend is Mr. Baruch and he, apparently, doesn't know any different.

Some time ago the Securities and Exchange Commission proposed a set of rules covering trading on the New York Stock Exchange, relating particularly to specialists and floor traders. Later they were watered down and submitted last week to the Exchange with the suggestion that it adopt and enforce them. About those rules I shall make no comment. Perhaps we shall do well to wait and see just what disposition the Commission makes of this important subject. But it is interesting to record what some of the brokers think of them. Mr. George Briggs Buchanan, a specialist of years' experience, is reported to have made this comment on the rules:

> The new rules are not going to stop me or anybody else from doing an honest business. I've always tried to make money for my customers, and I expect to in the future. These rules, as I figure them, give more chance for the speculator, investor or gambler—whatever you call him—who plays the market.

One of the qualities I like about my correspondents—those who write in to criticize me—is the finality with which they always demolish me. Perhaps there is no one in the world who is so pleased with his product as the indignant citizen who flies to his typewriter under the inspiration of a wrath provoked by something he has read. Mr. W. T. St. Clair, an engineer of Nashville, Tennessee, does an exceptionally definitive and crushing job. Recently in this space I wrote a comment on the relative cost of electricity and city services usually paid for by taxes. I thought I showed that a certain householder paid more for gas and electricity than he did in taxes, and then I enumerated the many services for which the city tax bill was rendered. But you can't fool Mr. St. Clair.

"That article," he writes, "contains the most perverted statement of fact and conclusion I have seen in a long time." In truth, Mr. St. Clair confesses lugubriously, the article actually saddened him. It was "an incontrovertible indication of the depths to which a 'free journal of opinion' can sink and the only answer seems to me *censorship of the press*"—which fairly classifies the indignant scribe. He ends charitably "wishing you the worst of ill luck in your campaign of misinformation."

Now what was the "misinformation"? Here it is in Mr. St. Clair's own words. "In the first place, the [$131] bill [of the householder for electricity] contained, unseen by Mr. Flynn, of course, a bill for more than $20 taxes paid by the utility."

But isn't it odd that Mr. St. Clair forgot that just as the bill for electricity contains a bill for taxes, the bill for taxes contains a bill for electricity? He speaks of the electricity bill including $20 for taxes. Since we are comparing electricity costs and city taxes, he should include only city taxes. These, of course, would not be $20. They would be $9 in New York. These things differ in different cities. It would be fair for the electric-light bill I used to include about $9 for city taxes paid by the electric-light company and for the tax bill to include nearly as much for electricity and power paid for by the city. Thus, in Cincinnati in 1933, the grand total of expenditures was about $12,000,000 and the electric-light bill paid by the city government was about $770,000.

"In the second place," he adds, "the $180 taxes paid by the householder was, in all probability, a small proportion of all the taxes the householder paid the city. The other taxes were paid to the grocer, whose rent must pay the taxes on the rent bill on the store he leases, the department store, and every other person from whom the householder made a purchase that year, besides the various direct taxes such as license fees, sales taxes, etc."

Now here is the perfect example of a mind, under the sorcery of advocacy, missing on several cylinders. When Mr. St. Clair pays his grocer, to be sure the grocer sets aside a portion of that payment for city taxes. But does he not also set aside at least as much, and probably more, for electric light and power? There is an electricity bill as well as a tax bill in the gentleman's grocery bill, and in every other bill he pays. Now why did he overlook that simple fact? It was really a most egregious omission.

However, in spite of Mr. St. Clair's little slip, I do not want him to be deprived of the right of free speech. And I don't wish for him the worst of ill luck. In fact I pray that he will be blessed with the best of good luck and, of course, the luckiest thing that could happen to him would be to be endowed with a little more patience in thinking things through.

JOHN T. FLYNN.

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Mostly Clinical

CONCERNING the making of pictures, there is always in the air a question that comes to have the proportions of a pebble in a shoe, namely, When is direction, and has mortal man ever seen one? We might ordinarily assume that the direction (or production) of a picture is simply the making of the picture, out of things, events, people. Yet these matters are often spoken of with an air of technical distinctions too fine for the lay eye, the critic seeming to say, There is something going on here that doesn't escape me; it is direction and happy I am to find it—although I daresay you mugs won't appreciate anything out of the ordinary. As a sort of case study along these lines, there is "The Man Who Knew Too Much," a recent British thriller that, if reports are to be believed, is directed to a point that would make a person gasp.

In the first place, we will not be forgetting that there may be in a film two principal matters not to be credited to its management: a strong cast, a strong story idea. And there is a certain edge and novelty to the situation of the couple who, their child having vanished below the innocent surface of very evil waters, move toward the confusion of an international murder plot. The actual story is full of unlikely holes, but the idea is mostly exciting and comes to a good focus in the figure of Peter Lorre—wickedness personified and made terrible by the contrast of a benign, jolly exterior.

Episode by episode, however, this goes poorly. It may progress from beginning to end, and with a certain pace; but surely this is true of any quickie. As to handling of its cast, it fuddles. People who should be sympathetic appear quite otherwise: certainly the child, Nova Pilbeam, need not have been made into a grimacing little pest, and Leslie Banks should have been advised of why, for example, he was humorously sending his friend on to take the rap—in the dentist's office, in the church—so that he could make the motivations faintly credible. And if four men sitting on a bench are to indicate the presence of sinister types, it is not wise to cut baldly to a line-up of mugs reminiscent of the Marx Brothers posing for a still. Furthermore, there is a strong tendency earlier in the film to make matters go neatly by introducing raffish little exchanges among the people, and this is carried off with such a genius for coming down with arch clumps on the up-beat as to throw everything out of key.

As to the handling of incidents, the modulations as between one and another—all the little cares that have to be expended on static things if they are to create a general forward movement—there is a came-the-dawn ineptitude approaching burlesque. To illustrate: the shot of a ski-jumper registering horror in mid-air; the stiff business of holding up a whole succession of Swiss travel books to indicate we will presently open in Switzerland; the fingers pointing in neat geometry at a bullet hole in glass, to indicate of all things a bullet hole in glass. Then later, the ludicrous battle in the church, everybody picking up chairs and smashing them on the floor with the unconvinced and lackadaisical precision of a Busby-Berkeley production number; and after that the sequence where the heavy, holding up his evil business on the roof, freezes there so we will not miss the fact that this is truly serious.

But where most admiration has been expressed, some of it slightly hysterical, is for the sequence in the dentist's office, and that in the Albert Hall (both centrally fruitful ideas, but hardly the director's). In the first the situation is tense, but the struggle is simply too steep, and the motivations are too confused to be believable. (Why, in such desperate circumstances, should they go about it in this silly way, of all ways?) And in the second, there is much clumsiness. At a certain double forte in the music, a gunman is going to get a diplomat, and so how we work up suspense is to cut six times (by actual count) to the assassin's dark box—now the curtain bulges, as with elephants at play, now a gun sticks out so far as to scare the life out of Edna Best, rods away. We cut to Edna Best, torn between duty and maternal concern and showing this with considerable facial play. We cut to the dreadful box, to the orchestra, to Miss Best's emotions, to the diplomatic gent, moved by the music in the worst manner; to the box, to the woman, to the stage, to the gent—and after all this has been going on long enough to become a game, there come the scream and the shot, nicely anti-climactic. Whatever the director had to work with—the story, Peter Lorre—his touch in all these innumerable places is heavy and unimaginative, if not ham.

There can at least be said for "The Youth of Maxim" (the latest Soviet job; life in reactionary Russia and on the whole pretty ineffectual) that it is out in front for a type of management in which the Soviet men have always excelled—namely an original and strong composition of separate parts. It has not only the contrivance of the factory scenes, the burial, the workers' dead march, but the development of more personal episodes: Maxim's interviews with the inspector and the little squirt on the log, and the singing in prison. Matters such as these, if they are to come through clearly and well, require craftsmanship; they must be taken in the right stride and from just the right level. Their director couldn't get his whole story over for apples; but he had something on the ball here, and anybody can see it.

And then, to show perhaps more concretely what an illuminating thing direction may be if it is good, there is a touch I saw recently in a film that is otherwise boring and sterile, "The Unwelcome Stranger."

Here the story is going to treat mainly of horse-racing and the addiction to it of an orphan with a crippled leg; and so at the start there is a shot of horses running, the camera wheeling along just in advance and tending to focus where the knees are pounding up so proudly and high, and then just in the swing of all this there is a cut to the smother in some sandlot, all dust and the ragged knees of the boys tearing along toward the goal posts with the ball, a jerking crippled leg well in the foreground. This is only the old parallel-action device, and over in the briefest of moments; but its main point, for present purposes, lies in the beautiful ease with which it sets up the main themes of the story, hints at its interacting moods. Surely direction of a picture, if it is to be worthy of any special mention at all, should be something like this rather than the opposite, something that translates a given fact into its own terms of visual motion, by some means unpredictable and fine.

OTIS FERGUSON.

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CORRESPONDENCE

Uncle Sam as World Leader

SIR: In finding a way out of the rearmament crisis, let me suggest that the United States is in a position to assume leadership. First, the tragedy of rearmament is our tragedy too. The race for bigger navies and more numerous bombing planes impoverishes not only the people of Europe but also of America, and weakens the moral fiber here as well as abroad with the old aphorism that might makes right. Second, if war breaks, we will inevitably be involved: that is the conclusion of the experts.

We may agree that armaments are not a first cause of war, but an evidence of other things. However, cutting the tops of weeds is a measure of prevention. The basic causes of war may be economic, but that cure will be slow and groping. In the meantime something must be done.

Only the United States among the powers of the world is not enmeshed in the Versailles Treaty. Only we are not bound by its terms. Only the United States can cut the Gordian knot by inviting Germany to come, on a plane of equality with the other nations, to a conference for all.

All the nations claim a willingness to limit and reduce armaments if the others will. But the Treaty of Versailles is now poisoning attempts to that end made by the European nations. Whichever way their statesmen move, their decision "is weighted with responsibilities that are awful to contemplate," as Mr. Lippmann says.

Why should not the President restore world leadership to the United States, and, following the successful precedent of 1922, call another Conference for the Limitation and Reduction of Arms? Washington occupies a strategic position and alone among all the powers offers a neutral field, and an atmosphere, we trust, of good will. Besides, the United States today is among the elder governments. Why not recognize our opportunity to act as an older brother as well as a good neighbor?

New Haven, Conn. FLORENCE CROSS KITCHELT.

Marx's Grave

SIR: Emerging from one of the bright new Underground stations of the semi-Socialist London Passenger Transport Board, the five of us board a tram which heavily bumps its way up Highgate Hill, past the sordid dwellings of the workers. A typical London day—leaden skies, a suspicion of fog in the dead air. Small people in big overcoats, moving aimlessly about the streets.

We turn the corner, passing under mournful trees, which, with bare branches, are waiting for the spring. For miles the white-tombstone crosses of Highgate Cemetery stretch before us—undertakers' reminders of men and women who *were* ambitious—and sentimental. We walk hurriedly by the vaults of the rich—the mausoleums with bronze doors. From the cross of one grave a life-size angel is in the act of stepping down, dropping to the ground a small lily which forever remains suspended.

Suddenly we see, in a side path, a cluster of people standing around a clump of redness. We approach . . . "Where are the others? Where is Comrade Arnot, who was going to deliver the address?" we ask: "Gone. You're too late." "First time I've ever known the Communist Party to be punctual," says a young man sadly.

Wreaths of red tulips covered the grave of Karl Marx on this the fifty-second anniversary of his death . . . "From the Soviet Colony in London." "From the Workers' School and Marx Memorial Library." And at the foot a few Christmas roses and a card. I stopped over to read it. "Karl Marks. Now Kings and Cezars be all forgot and yet thy praise is sung."

Some old women and hoarse comrades spoke softly under the sky. "Yes. In the grave with him are his wife and his servant. After his wife died that servant—proper faithful she was—stayed to mind the children. There was some talk about her not being only a servant; people said that she was Marx's—well, not quite a servant." This hardened member of the proletariat could not bring herself to say "mistress." "The bourgeoisie always have it in for revolutionaries. Spread any sort of malicious rumor, they will."

A grizzled man spat on the ground and said: "Who they ought to have next to Old Marx is Darwin. He taught me that God didn't make me and Marx taught me that God didn't feed me." He laughed questioningly at his joke. "It didn't need Marx to teach me that God didn't feed me," said another. More laughter. The man who had first spoken then went off into a long statement about how he once told a meeting about Marx and what the reaction had been.

An old man with a white beard and a burnt pipe advanced to take up his position on the grave itself. "I last came up here forty years ago with Marx's daughter, Lena Marx. I was at school when Marx died but I knew his daughter, you see. . . . Now what I say ought to be done with this grave is to have the whole thing dug up, placed in a box and carried off to the Red Square in Moscow, to be buried alongside of Lenin." He pointed down and around with his foot. We could see the whole block of earth being placed in a box to be shipped to the Red Square. . . "I doubt if there'd be much left of him now."

"Are we allowed to sing the 'Internationale.' The cemetery authorities made a fuss last year didn't they?" "Yes, we can sing it if we like."

A woman at the head of the grave started off in a harsh, piercing voice. The sound swept through the cemetery; a couple of workmen who were painting a tombstone not far distant looked up, smiled and continued with their work. I thought of the grass growing and spreading from the side of the grave. At the last, "Comrades, come rally," a thrill ran down my spine. . . .

London, Eng. MICHAEL YOUNG.

Concerning "Farewell to Revolution"

SIR: I am aroused by Herman Simpson's review of Everett Dean Martin's book, "Farewell to Revolution" [The New Republic, April 3], on two counts. First, as one who has a certain intellectual interest at stake, and second, as a publisher who knows something about the distribution of books and what bad effects an unfair and prejudiced review can have upon the sale of a book.

Mr. Simpson uses the technique so dear to the heart of a Marxian of crediting his opponent with "knowing nothing, absolutely nothing" and "reading many books without understanding them." Nor is it by accident that Mr. Simpson uses this obvious method of disposing of thinking which is heretical to the true precepts of the Church. Marx used it seventy years ago on the "professors," and to read him and his modern followers one would believe that thinking in social problems was a vested monopoly of the German Socialist God and his disciples.

I do not want to get into a long argument with respect to a philosophy of history, but suffice it to say that even though Mr. Simpson may not realize it, the last word has not been said on the interpretation of history. Thick-headed as some of us may be, we are not yet satisfied with Marx and the materialistic interpretation of history as the one and true technique for understanding the story of human society. Mr. Martin may have done an unpardonable thing in choosing another interpretation of history, a social-psychological interpretation, but one would expect that an intelligent, honest man would at least concede that there were other interpretations even though he disagreed with them. One would also expect Mr. Simpson to point out that the analysis in "Farewell to Revolution" was predicated on Mr. Martin's work, "The Behavior of Crowds," which is accepted as an important contribution in all academic centers.

Perhaps the most naïve statement in this entire thumping review is the proposition that "the book teems with errors, misunderstandings and confusions," as evidenced by the fact that, "Communism and fascism—there is no real difference between them." It might surprise Mr. Simpson to know how many critical, intellectually honest students feel the same way about it. That, too, is

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a question for argument, and not an "obvious error," as Mr. Simpson glibly protests.

There are many of us just as honest and just as intelligent as Mr. Simpson ever dared to be who insist that what is involved in both the revolution in Russia and the revolution in Germany is the rise of a new ruling class whose purpose is to organize and manage the proletariat in a new fashion and by a much tighter technique than the capitalists have ever done. Yes, there is a difference between communism and fascism, but the difference is one of vocabulary.

Any critical analysis of the two schemes of social organization, stripped of verbalism and pompous nonsense, must reveal the basic similarity; a new ruling class organizing the economic and political life of the masses by the technique of dictatorship. This may be obscure to minds befuddled with naïve propaganda, but it is clear to anyone having insight into social phenomena. . . .

New York City. ALEX L. HILLMAN.

SIR: My reply to Mr. Hillman's letter can be put very briefly. In the review I pointed out Mr. Martin's method of approach, which is moralistic; his abstract, ultra-individualistic conception of society and history; his error as to notorious historical facts, particularly in relation to the French Revolution; his writing of a chapter on the Nazi "revolution," when, according to his own definition of revolution, there was no Nazi revolution.

Mr. Hillman ignores all these things, but confines his criticism to one sentence in which I stated that, according to Mr. Martin, there was no real difference between communism and fascism. I take it that it is quite unnecessary to argue this point before readers of The New Republic, with the memorable editorial on Civil Liberties of February 27 still fresh in their minds.

But Mr. Hillman charges me with being a Marxist. I plead guilty, but fail to see what that has to do with the case. In the review I neither mentioned Marxism nor even referred to it, nor did I offer a Marxist explanation of revolutions. If Mr. Hillman had charged me with being a notorious crook, pickpocket and safe-cracker, it would have had just as much bearing on the case.

True, I did not refer to Mr. Martin's book on "Crowds." Neither did I to Le Bon's book, nor to Shakespeare's crowd scenes in "Julius Caesar." Nor indeed to the contempt for the masses displayed by Shakespeare's Coriolanus, which is not far removed from Mr. Martin's feeling toward them.

New York City. HERMAN SIMPSON.

Public Housing

SIR: To all those concerned with expediting the government program for the production of low-rental public housing, the suggestions quoted below have a vital interest. Taken from a speech made by Irving Brant, editor of The St. Louis Star-Times, at the second national conference on slum clearance and public housing, held in Washington January 18 to 20, under the auspices of the National Public Housing Conference, this plan has an immediate relevance. . . .

> Let Congress, in appropriating funds for a national housing campaign, grant federal aid for slum clearance on the following general terms:
>
> That states, to share in the housing fund, authorize the creation of improvement districts in cities, these districts to have the following power:
>
> To impose a special tax upon the value of land, not including improvements, which tax shall be abated upon any land improved or offered for improvement under terms and specifications approved by the national housing authority.
>
> For successful operation, this would need the active support of a majority of property owners. Their votes would have the same legal standing as if cast by a majority in an entire city, for the district would be a governmental unit. . . .

This quotation is only part of Mr. Brant's analysis. His speech has been reprinted in a booklet entitled "The Great American Delusion." It is available at five cents per copy, or three cents when ordered in lots of one hundred or more, at the offices of the National Public Housing Conference, 112 East Nineteenth Street.

HELEN ALFRED, Secretary,
New York City. National Public Housing Conference.

Praise for Thomas Wolfe

SIR: I should like to take issue with Malcolm Cowley in his review of "Of Time and the River" [The New Republic, March 20]. Those weaknesses of Thomas Wolfe which he finds in a disguised autobiographical spree I regard as Wolfe's outstanding talents—in short, his abilities to evoke the heroic. . . .

Wolfe cannot be pilloried for sentimentality, maudlinity, gaseous inflation of value or significance. Were he the least guilty of these, men would have him in the market place in a trice to mock him to extinction. He has thrown his sop of minor characters to the curs to worry and has been allowed to stride, full of his magnificence, through the portals no modern—except while cowering or feigning—has reached.

Let us make welcome for the great advent and forget man-humiliating phrases like "delusions of grandeur."

Los Gatos, Calif. WILLIAM HOWARD.

Mexican Seminar

SIR: May we, through your columns, draw the attention of your readers to the tenth annual Seminar in Mexico, to be held in Cuernavaca and Mexico City from July 3 to 23, 1935, under the auspices of the Committee on Cultural Relations with Latin America? The Seminar consists of three weeks of lectures, round-table discussions and field-trips. It supplies a general introduction to Mexican history, economics, art, international relations and archeology, under the leadership of outstanding Mexican and American authorities in many fields.

Applications and requests for detailed information and rates should be addressed to Hubert C. Herring, Executive Director, the Committee on Cultural Relations with Latin America, 287 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

New York City. HUBERT C. HERRING.

Extracts from Letters

JAMES L. BOSWELL, professor of Economics at Ursinus College, Pennsylvania, comes forward with a suggestion to substitute factory payrolls for relief rolls. Under the plan, the unemployment relief now paid to individuals would be paid to factories hiring the individuals as extra workers. The factories would be required only to make up the difference between the amount of the government relief and the established wage; and to refrain from substituting government-subsidized workers for regular workers. Professor Boswell sees this plan as broadening the base of general employment; increasing the return to the individual worker now on relief; pleasing the business man because of the greater diffusion of purchasing power; causing no hardship to taxpayers because relief payments must continue anyway; and protecting the consumer because increased production would prevent rising prices. He believes the difficulties of administration are not insuperable.

The Bennington School of the Dance, Bennington, Vermont, announces that it will introduce a new feature this summer to be known as the Workshop Program, which will be directed by Martha Graham. The School will be pleased to send additional information to interested persons.

A non-profit book club called the Book Union has been formed and will select and distribute to its members one book of left-wing fiction or non-fiction each month. The editors of the Book Union are Malcolm Cowley, Henry Hart, Harry Block, Robert W. Dunn, Granville Hicks, Corliss Lamont, Isidor Schneider, Alexander Trachtenberg, Mary Van Kleeck and Bernard Smith. There will be a small charge for membership and books will be sold well below retail price. Those persons interested are asked to write to the Book Union, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

In The New Republic of April 10 it was stated that "for the first time since 1915 the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom meets in Washington, D. C., on May 2." This statement should have read that the meeting on May 2 will be the first occasion since 1915 on which the group of women who went to the Hague in 1915, and there founded the W.I.L.P.F., will reassemble.

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Du Maurier Theatre

WHEN YOU first start this book by Gerald du Maurier's daughter,[1] you may feel afraid that you are in for one of those dreadful British effects of Kickys, Mumsies and so on, with tea, kippers, jam and the rest of that silly farrago. It is not silly because it is names, jams and tea; it is, as usually written, silly because it is so self-conscious, so full of what F.P.A. once called fallen archness. It always reminds me of Lucian's: "this is but a small selection of the facts which might have been quoted."

The first part of "Gerald: A Portrait" recounts a background for Gerald du Maurier. His father, the author of "Peter Ibbetson" and "Trilby," and all those innumerable and beloved Punch drawings, had many of the family qualities that are to be shyly indicated in the son. This part of the book is, in my opinion, somewhat too conscious about the *vieux jeu,* the dated, quality of that artistic achievement. So far as I can make out, "Peter Ibbetson" —which I have not read and do not intend to, literary emotions being so accessible in so many directions—still means a great deal to a great many people; and there is no reason to be nervous about its modernity.

From the start, however, Miss du Maurier has decided on the superficiality of the family blood, these men so full of the *vie de Bohême,* the poignant dream, and the facility of changing moods. Gerald emerges, the theatre emerges.

From this early part of her book Miss du Maurier goes on to a remarkable penetration and insight. She makes, I think, only two mistakes. First, she keeps up a Mimsy, Mumsy, dear-old touch now and then when it does not help. It is not necessary to be zephyrsome when you have as good material and as good brains as she has. The second mistake is to find it too easy to blame Gerald du Maurier because of his not having taken the theatre with profound concern, seeking for plays of value, giving to the public the deep message of genuine drama, working toward the encouragement of young dramatists of promise. It must be remembered that England is still a country where oftener than not you say merely "We are going to the play."

However much Gerald du Maurier may have been a child of fortune, blessed, charming, born with a silver spoon in his mouth, the fact remains that in his epoch diverse plays of Ibsen's were banned by the censor. The censor, of course, is the Lord Chamberlain, who before his appointment has rarely since Charles the First's time—when, it seems, the institution was begun—been an authority upon, or even student of, the theatre. Search for good plays may thereby be damped.

Nevertheless, the fact remains also that Gerald du Maurier constantly suggests the power of more abundant genius, the flow and force of immense talent and stage intuition. With great skill and beautiful taste Miss du Maurier gradually, with the book's graduation to its sudden end in an operation and death, leads you to understand that this child of the gods, a little rattled, so often inconsequent, suffering from an incessant London jabber, did feel the sensitive pressure of his art, did agonize, mock and wait, did perfect a technical method of his own, and a delicate suspension and anxiety as to the conveyance of what he had to say to the audience.

How intelligently in certain respects his daughter gets these things straight! "It was possibly a strain of cynicism, inherited from his forebears and undoubtedly French, that prevented him from taking himself seriously. And his sense of humor . . . prevented that ecstatic and artistic abandon that is generally associated with the actor." Growing up in that actorish family as Miss du Maurier did, she is fine about certain things: the part of Raffles was actor-proof as Gerald admitted himself. He brought something personal, "making of Raffles someone highly strung, nervous and finely drawn, yet fearless and full of a reckless and rather desperate indifference, someone who by force of his high spirits had developed a kink in his nature."

I do not know just how she intended it, but what a criticism of the London stage the writer utters when she says that "the plays were poorly written and full of impossible situations, but Gerald invested them with glamor and his audience shouted their delight. Why should he bother about real plays when these trifles filled the theatre, and he was well paid, and he had only to glance over his left shoulder at a dark corner and light a cigarette to create a breathless hush among the audience? Why learn long and delicately written speeches by good authors when 'I love you, damn you!' and 'What about a drink?' amused the public and took less time to say?" So it all went well, paid well. The only trouble is that it has concluded itself in our last importations of English plays, where the great thing is to say I love you terribly, and then go ahead with a silly novelette. This type of naturalism ends too easily in inconsequence.

Despite her flowing tone, the author at times relapses into verity and passionate truth by the mere egotism of phrases. She writes straight when she says her father bemoaned his childhood's simplicity, but swore at tepid bath water and cold plates. He deplored the passing of old tradition, but backed new freedom. He was more ribald than the poets of the Restoration and was as easily shocked as the author of "The Daisy Chain." He wanted women to be innocent and yet appreciate his jokes; to be graceful and dignified and yet accessible and familiar as the women in his father's drawings. He often described himself as the lowest of the lowbrows: and a certain caution "unlike everything else in his character"—how penetrating that is!—prevented him from throwing grand gestures of adventure and risk, the consequence of which might have been appalling or tremendous, but which would at least have made theatre history. "He brought a delicate, pristine quality into his interpretation of those characters so peculiarly and lovably original—something gay, a faunlike carelessness, a happy-go-lucky shrug of the shoulder."

The silly London theatre that came in after the War is indicated in the final pages of Miss du Maurier's book. She seems perfectly to realize what trash it has mostly been. From her pages, however, it is not too possible to tell how much Gerald du Maurier, her father, the most celebrated actor-manager in England, realized it, or how blindly his relaxations, emptiness and finances drove him along. As a remark on life and on the theatre, the latter half of Miss du Maurier's history seems to me brilliant and remarkable.

STARK YOUNG

[1] Gerald: A Portrait, by Daphne du Maurier. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. 312 pages. $3.

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

Fellow Traveler

WHILE Anna Louise Strong was writing this story of her unusually interesting life,[1] she decided to join the Communist Party. The decision was a personal upheaval, a real changing of worlds. Since 1917, she had been a partisan of the Soviets; since 1921 she had spent most of her time in Moscow, writing about the revolution and working for its success. But always there was a paradox in her career. The qualities that had brought her so close to communism were exactly the qualities that kept her aloof from it, that made her spend eighteen years as an active but intellectually distant ally.

These qualities, these deep habits of feeling and acting, were part of her Protestant heritage. Her parents were of early New England stock; they were godly people in whom the tradition of Puritanism had survived as the impulse to social service, the struggle to alleviate the sufferings of others. It was this impulse that guided their daughter first into social work, as an organizer of child-welfare exhibits, then into labor journalism, and finally into the midst of revolutionary Russia. She wanted always to serve, to build, to save. At the same time, Miss Strong had another quality common among educated Americans: she was instrumental-minded. That is, she admired efficiency for its own sake; she could organize and administer, but not with any single and consistent purpose; her brain was a sharp-edged tool that asked to be guided. She wanted to find a direction, to be converted, to sink her individuality into the mass, to serve a good cause blindly. Communism was the greatest cause she knew. But the Russian Communists wanted no emotional conversions or semi-mystical surrenders or kindness from foreign benefactors; they wanted dependable comrades with no nonsense about them. There was a conflict of desires that threatened to become tragic.

Obdurately Miss Strong continued to offer her helpfulness and her efficiency; she tried to organize a whole series of public-spirited projects. First there was to be a Russian-American Club (but it was inexorably smothered in red tape). Then came an agricultural colony for children, the John Reed Commune, for which she brought gifts of money and implements from the United States. (The Commune was ruined by dishonest management.) Then came the American Educational Workshops in Moscow (which were effectively looted by two American experts). Then came The Moscow News, an illustrated weekly for American engineers and tourists. Miss Strong played the principal part in founding it; she was the first managing editor; but gradually the policy changed in spite of her efforts, the articles became insufferably dull, and her only hope was to have her name removed from the masthead. Nobody would act on her complaints. Nobody had time to explain to her just how the system worked.

Not only her personal undertakings but also her work as a correspondent exposed her to all sorts of disillusionments. Thus, she regarded Russia as a new Utopia; but when she first crossed the border in 1921 she found the country overwhelmed by civil war and famine. She admired the spirit of self-sacrificing comradeship that persisted in the midst of disaster; but on her second visit, in 1922, the New Economic Policy had been adopted and Moscow seemed to have changed from a city of comrades into a city of fantastic profiteers. She was swept off her feet by the Five Year Plan; but she also had to travel from factory to factory and listen to American engineers driven to desperation by inefficiency and sabotage. She visited the collective farms both in 1930, when she wrote a book called "Russia Conquers Wheat," and in 1932, when wheat was unconquered and Russia went on short rations. After the industrial battle and the farm battle were won, in 1934, she was disillusioned once more on seeing the privileges claimed by bureaucrats. She is a thoroughly candid reporter of things seen and felt; she hides none of her disappointments; yet it is clear that she never wavered in her essential loyalty.

She was held fast to the Soviets by another trait of character just as essential as were her social idealism and her instrumental mind. It was her own embodiment of the pioneering spirit. Even in the dark days of 1921 she was drawn toward Russia by its very chaos and, as she says, "by the sight of creators in chaos. I intended to have a share in this creation." Year by year she watched the chaos gradually being submitted to order, and learned to measure her disappointments against her faith in tomorrow. At the Stalingrad tractor plant in 1931, when American engineers were doubting that the first production line in Russia would ever get under way, she was reassured by Tregubenko, the local secretary of the Commuist Party. "We have forces to call on," he said, "that these foreigners do not know." She remembered this remark when later the confusion at Stalingrad was straightened out and when, after a hungry year, the collective farms produced two record harvests. She remembered it when she learned that even her own ventures were succeeding in a different form. The John Reed Commune began to flourish as a technical school of collective farming; the American Educational Workshops gave birth to the first watch factory in the Soviet Union. And The Moscow News?—It seemed for a time that The Moscow News would never again be a paper for which she was proud to work, but this difficulty, too, was settled after a conference with Stalin.

Present at the conference were Stalin's principal collaborators, Voroshilov and Kaganovich. Present also were the editors whose differences of policy and personality had threatened to destroy their common venture. There was no formality. Stalin did not frown or pound his fist on the table; he gave no commands; he scarcely made suggestions. He merely listened, asked people what they wanted, what they thought, but his questions went straight to the heart of things. Suddenly all the difficulties had vanished. It was decided to transform The Moscow News into a bigger and livelier paper that should be issued daily, with a special weekly edition. It was decided that all the quarreling editors should continue to work for it, since they were now agreed on a common policy. These were not Stalin's orders. The decisions seemed to come from everybody and to express a common will.

Miss Strong says that this conference was "the most important half-hour of my existence." Not only did she meet a hero face to face and find that he could solve her immediate problems, but also she was given a sudden and lasting insight into the whole soviet system of administration. It is, if we try to describe it from the hints she offers,

[1] I Change Worlds: The Remaking of an American, by Anna Louise Strong. New York: Henry Holt and Company. 432 pages. $3.

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a system of committees and conferences that includes the whole of national life. The committees may be formally elected (in which case they are soviets), or else they may come together spontaneously. In either case the members confer; they state their demands, ask questions of one another, till at last they find a purpose residing in all of them. This purpose is then embodied in a collective line of action, "the party line," which everybody follows because everybody had a share in planning it. A system like this—which Miss Strong describes more intelligibly than any other writer on Russia—seems tyrannical to people on the outside, whereas, to those millions who help to formulate policies, it seems the most democratic system that ever existed. It leads to inefficiency and disorder, while also it discovers and sets free the creative forces that can overcome disorder—those forces of which Tregubenko said that they were unknown to foreigners. But it does not provide for passive and well meaning spectators. One can easily understand why Miss Strong did not seriously think of becoming a Communist till she had seen the system from the inside and had actually taken a part in planning the party line.

MALCOLM COWLEY.

A Victorian History

The Cambridge Modern History. Planned by Lord Acton, edited by A. W. Ward, G. W. Prothero and Stanley Leathes. Popular Edition. New York: The Macmillan Company. 13 vols. 10,585 pages. $32.

AFTER a lapse of some thirty years, "The Cambridge Modern History" has been reissued in a "popular edition" at less than one-third the former price. The omission of the extensive bibliographies has left the volumes much slimmer, and their number has been reduced to thirteen by the simple device of excluding the atlas volume. The publishers have achieved economy and made the set easier to handle, but they have also weakened it as a work of reference.

However, the complete original text of the most ambitious survey of modern history in the English language is there—a monument to the Victorian mind. For the broad traits of "The Cambridge Modern History" are characteristically Victorian. It is bulky, amorphous, respectful of all status, and tends to confuse mere politics with social reality and lack of interest with disinterestedness. Despite much excellent material, this compendium of 285 chapters and 10,000-odd pages by more than one hundred scholars fails to rise from the discrete facts to a coördinated view of history as a whole.

It has been the sad fate of the British survey to be submitted to inevitable comparison with the "Histoire Générale" edited by Ernest Lavisse and Alfred Rambaud, which preceded it by about a decade. The French work, although much shorter than the Cambridge history, covers the Middle Ages as well as modern times, but the basic plan of both enterprises was the same: a series of chapter-monographs by different specialists centering around a set of crucial events. For reasons that go deeper than editorial ability, Lavisse and Rambaud succeeded in welding all their contributions into an organic structure. The unity of the "Histoire Générale" is due primarily to the participation of the contributors in a common culture rich in skepticism, vigor, clarity of expression and the intellectual tradition of the French Revolution. The great social and religious movements stand out in bold relief, and interpretation often plays brilliantly on a good many facts.

The British survey, on the other hand, lacks continuity, distinction of style and, above all, consistent interpretation. Not that individual contributors here and there do not write authoritatively and suggestively. William Cunningham places the Renaissance and Reformation in their proper economic and social setting; Machiavelli is lifted to his full stature in the essay by L. Arthur Burd; J. Neville Figgis appraises minutely the debt of the modern state to the Reformation and of liberalism to feudalism; Paul Viollet clarifies the effect of the French Revolution on law and property; and Sidney Webb penetrates to the inner meaning of the vague but authentic radicalism bequeathed by the eighteenth century to the nineteenth. These are but a few of many fine chapters.

Nevertheless, "The Cambridge Modern History" leaves the final impression that nothing ever happens. The larger historical movements simply fail to come to life. Even the politicians do not stand out as personalities. The statesmen are uniformly statesmanlike. The kings are uniformly very excellent people. The contributions of Cunningham, Webb and A. H. Clapham, and the monographs of those authors who are aware that politics does not operate in a vacuum, cannot round out a work in which whole vast periods pass in review without the essential illumination of the entire social background. Whatever may be the merits of "The Cambridge Economic History," now in preparation under the editorship of A. H. Clapham and Eileen Power, it cannot hope to remedy the organic deficiencies of its companion series.

With characteristic insularity, "The Cambridge Modern History" neglects the East. There is little in it to compare with the critical articles on Poland and Turkey, for example, in the "Histoire Générale." The British editors would have done well to follow the French example of keeping Far Eastern developments constantly in view. Under the British plan, as laid out by Lord Acton, who did not live to edit the work, each nationality or region is introduced to the reader whenever it enters the main stream of European history. This plan was vitiated by the lack of a unified and comprehensive concept of the course of that history and by the very unfortunate exile of the United States to a separate and inadequate volume. European history flows on, touching the Asiatic shore only casually and the American shore not at all.

The result is that the history fails to convey the rise of a world society, let alone a world economy. We miss the revolutionary changes in social conditions, the increasing effect of internal struggle on foreign affairs, the interplay of East and West, and the international aspects of broad social and political movements. We miss the great religious evolution of the last few centuries so persistently and thoroughly recorded in volume after volume of the French history.

"The Cambridge Modern History" is difficult to classify. It is not, properly speaking, a history at all, since it lacks an adequate principle of selection, coördination and interpretation. Nor is it a successful compendium. For the editors, in attempting to produce "something more than a useful compilation or than a standard work of reference," avoided the strictly chronological or topical frame and the uniformity of detail proper to a work of reference. But the sophisticated reader who can discount the point of view and supply the missing social and economic links from his own knowledge may turn to this history as a serviceable warehouse of names, dates and places. It has the brute force of heaped-up information.

SOLOMON F. BLOOM.

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The Helpless Technicians

Science and Social Needs, by Julian Huxley. With an Introductory Chapter by Sir William Bragg. New York: Harper and Brothers. 303 pages, illustrated. $2.75.

ABOUT three years ago Julian Huxley traveled as "A Scientist Among the Soviets." This chastening experience made him realize—not very profoundly, but with an honest conviction—that one of the basic problems of the modern world is that which is summed up in the title of his latest book. In "Science and Social Needs" Professor Huxley is, quite literally, "a scientist among the capitalists": an eager, sympathetic and grievously bewildered spectator of the impressive scientific and technical plant of the British government and of such powerful corporations as Imperial Chemical Industries, General Electric, London, Midland and Scottish Railway, and the British Broadcasting Company, which originally sponsored the unique tour.

Superficially, the volume is a very readable and most informative account of what science, practical and applied, is doing, or can easily do, in the matter of food, building, clothing, health, communications, and in many industrial fields. In an introductory Dialogue, that irrepressible skeptic, Professor Hyman Levy, lays it down as an axiom that "science takes its complexion mainly from the social and economic life of the times," to which Huxley agrees so far as to admit that:

> In the present condition of world affairs it looks definitely as if industry is on the whole unwilling, and apparently unable, either to provide the broad scientific background of research out of which new applications grow or to undertake large-scale and fundamental investigations which do not promise fairly immediate returns.

Here, for example, is the food problem, a legitimate field for applied science if there ever was one. Huxley paints for us a most glowing picture of the work being done by such valuable institutions as the Cambridge School of Agriculture (creator of two powerful new strains of wheat, Little Joss and Yeoman), the Rothamsted Experimental Station (soil chemistry), the Welsh Plant Breeding Station, and the Rowett Institution for the Study of Animal Nutrition. Not one of these research organizations but is able—and willing—to turn England and the Empire into a horn of plenty so far as regards food. And yet, quoting Huxley:

> Practically all the research men I have talked to showed an interesting mixture of optimism and pessimism. They all knew the scientific importance of their own work, and were convinced of its possible value for practice; several of them said to me that a doubling of the present amount of food grown in this country was not only perfectly possible, but a modest estimate of what could be achieved by applying the scientific knowledge which exists. . . . "What is the good," complain these helpless technicians, "of doubling the number of sheep . . . if sheep prices may fall so low as to wipe out any reasonable profit to the farmer? . . . What is the good of inventing new methods of cold storage . . . if a large proportion of the annual catch is thrown away or disposed of for manure?"

This unhappy note is perceptible throughout the entire ume, and is shared even by the author. Here are magcent resources for the study and solution of housing blems, cheek by jowl with "the lamentable contrast been the accommodation provided for the gorillas at the ndon Zoo and the human population of our town" (illustrated by two striking photographs). Here are brilliant advances in textile technology and in health treatment while the weavers of Lancashire go in rags and live on scraps; and hundreds of investigations on the properties of matter, on electrical, chemical, geological, even psychological problems, in the interests of an "industry" that can profitably produce little else than war materials, and for the benefit of a people that can—also "profitably"—consume next to nothing. It is not a pretty picture, despite the hints within it of tremendous and benign powers merely waiting for the right word and the right vision to work for man and for society. Professor Huxley, on one page, commits the problems to "economists and administrators"; and on another he insists that only "scientific methods" will avail to solve it.

In a final Dialogue Professor Levy again comes to the rescue: he suggests that, in the last analysis, the whole question of Science and Social Needs is subsumed in the larger question: in what *direction* is society going—forward, to collective security, or backward, to individualist acquisition?

HAROLD WARD.

Retreat from High Statistics

Shadow of the Plantation, by Charles S. Johnson. With an Introduction by Robert E. Park. The University of Chicago Press. 239 pages. $2.50.

SEVERAL years ago, a student who had just finished reading "The Negro in American Civilization" asked the author point-blank: "Professor, how much are two and two?" Charles S. Johnson, it is said, raised his head, smiled, looked out of the window: "It seems that two and two may equal five minus one." There may be little to this tale that goes the rounds at Fisk University, but it does indicate Charles S. Johnson in 1930. I say 1930, because it was this year that witnessed the full blossoming of his reputation for being "one of the most objective sociologists alive."

Here was a man whom the charge of subjective interpretation could not touch. He was neither subjective nor interpretative. Careful to the point of caution, precise with judgment completely suspended, this scholar could so describe a social situation as to avoid every conclusion and beat out the least suggestion of feeling. This, too, while discussing issues as stimulating as lynching, segregation and other aspects of "the American race problem."

In such works as "The Negro in American Civilization" the facts gathered were sorted, arranged and stacked in neat piles—every man left to his own conclusions. The book and method were indeed welcome reliefs from the volumes reflecting pre-judgments, debater tactics and facile generalizations. However, Johnson has since realized what he perhaps knew then, that such an "objective" work itself misses what may be conveniently termed reality. Facts must be gathered. Obviously. Skewed conclusions are valueless. Of course. But interpretations there must be. The use of a highly latinized sentence dragging itself from comma to comma may reduce the white heat of a race riot to brilliant statistical statement. But is not a race riot, after all, a bit more than two point four? Further, the simple fact cannot be escaped that social phenomena are in the veriest core psychological. Any method precluding this approach is consequently incomplete.

"Shadow of the Plantation" marks the finish of Johnson's retreat from the high point of 1930 "objectivity." In this present work the bricks, that is, facts, are all here.

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There is also the straw—conclusions based upon investigation. Further, the author has been careful to include the view of life as revealed in the attitudes and expressions of the people themselves. The method should serve as a sort of model for studies of this nature.

Macon, Alabama black belt county, is the location of Booker T. Washington's Tuskegee Institute. The social life of the six hundred families living in the lower third of the county is studied intensively. Even in this region the persistence of the plantation economy has been so nearly complete that the Negroes live and die as did their slave forebears. The chapters on religion, family and play life show how slight has been the influence of American civilization. Scarcely a touch. These folk are quaint and strike the eye of the student with mannerisms, including an idiomatic naïveté. But it is not to be forgotten that behind this surface is a life dull, unprepossessing; killing to the spirit. That the children to the third generation should be incapable of escaping such monotonous dreariness and poverty lends stark reality to the figure: Slavery is gone, but the shadow of the plantation lingers.

LAWRENCE D. REDDICK.

Words Made Easy

Thorndike Century Junior Dictionary, by E. L. Thorndike. New York: D. Appleton-Century Company. 980 pages, illustrated. $2.

ANYONE who remembers having been confused, as a child, by such dictionary definitions as "location, the act of locating, or the state of being located," will appreciate this sensible, simplified dictionary for children of from ten to fifteen years. Dr. Thorndike, after seventeen years' study of children's vocabularies, has selected some 24,000 commonly used words and has defined them in easy terms. The make-up of the book is good for children: the type is large and clear, the margins and spacing well planned, the paper not too thin. More than 1,600 illustrations are included to show meanings that are difficult to explain in words. But the definitions themselves are the outstanding feature of the book. Ordinarily, a word is defined in terms of more commonly known words, and then it is used in a simple sentence. When a word cannot be so defined, illustrative sentences are used to make its meaning clear. The various meanings of a word are listed in a practical way: "literal uses before figurative; general uses before special; common uses before rare and easily understandable uses before difficult." The system of diacritical marks of the Century Dictionary is employed, with a simply explained key. The terminology used in describing restrictions of usage is clear and direct: a word is marked *old use,* or *not used now,* or *used in poetry,* or *in common talk* or *slang.* It may be that a generation of children brought up on such a dictionary will miss some of the finer distinctions of word meanings, but for practical purposes the meaning of, for instance, the word *grunt* is made less clear in

> 1. to utter in a guttural manner; emit the deep guttural sound of a hog; utter a short slight groan; murmur; complain. 2. a short guttural sound, as of a pig.

than it is in

> 1. the low noise a pig makes. 2. make such a noise.

The only question about the Thorndike Dictionary is, why limit its use to the children?

J. C. G.

Anderson in America

Puzzled America, by Sherwood Anderson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 303 pages. $2.50.

READING this book was, for me, like reading the notebook of a traveler who has just returned from a country one knows very well. It had, therefore, the special, additional interest that comes from checking another person's observations against one's own. And many times during my reading, as some mountaineer or mill hand came suddenly to life, I found myself nodding in agreement: "Yes—that is true. That is the sort of man he is. That is what he would say."

Mr. Anderson, in this book, has put down the ideas and impressions gained from a tour of the country that took him from the mountains of southwestern Virginia, where he lives, down through the coal country into the cotton-raising and manufacturing districts of the Deep South and thence northwestward into Ohio, Kansas, South Dakota and Minnesota. A foreigner will learn nothing from this book about our geography. The immensity of America—the names of its states and mountains and rivers—does not affect Mr. Anderson as it does Mr. Thomas Wolfe. He has looked at the country in a different way, trying to see it through the eyes of mill workers, tenant farmers, the unemployed; the plain, simple people of the United States. What are they thinking? How do they feel? What will they do?

The final summing-up of Mr. Anderson's observations is that the people of America are deeply puzzled. They feel that something is happening, that the old established patterns of life and society are being rearranged, but they do not know what forms the new patterns will take or how they will fit their own lives into them. They do not know *what they are going to do or just where they are going.* All over America, like one of the dust storms that cover the Middle West, hangs a cloud of unrest and confusion.

By a simple device of rearrangement, Mr. Louis Adamic and Mr. Ernest Sutherland Bates have discovered the book to be no more than "Puzzled Sherwood Anderson." Both Mr. Adamic and Mr. Bates, in a way that is unworthy of either of them, have let their little obvious piece of word-jugglery carry the burden of their criticism. They have both implied, not without condescension, that Anderson is an all-right fellow when it come to telling a story, but when he ventures into the realm of thought he becomes like one of his own characters: fumbling, groping, lost.

It is not my purpose to argue that Mr. Anderson is a great thinker. I have never known him to pretend to be a great thinker and he would be the first one, I believe, to admit that in the field of economics and politics he plow a very ragged furrow. On the other hand, the fa remains that any person who goes out into America in th year of disgrace, seeing the country as it is and not as l wishes it to be, can hardly return without some mild puzzl ment at least. The only persons immune to it are tho who go equipped with a political philosophy that mak the future foreordained; and for each philosophy there is different future. Mr. Anderson is no prophet. He do not pretend to know how we can get from one state society into another. But he can see what lies under his no (which is a kind of far-sightedness not to be discounted t lightly), and he can put down what he sees with accura and feeling. What he does, in effect, is to say, "Here our contemporary America. Make of it what you can." is a modest statement but, in making it, Mr. Anderson h written his best book since "A Story-Teller's Story."

HAM LTON BASSO.

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Five Books About Economics

The Theory of Money and Credit, by Ludwig von Mises. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 445 pages. $4.50.

SINCE the end of the War the Austrian school of economics has become acclimatized in London, and during the depression it has also made rapid gains among American academicians. This translation of a pre-war classic gives us an excellent sample of this type of thought, superior in thoroughness and completeness to the work of the fashionable younger set—the much quoted Hayek, for one example. Value is regarded as a purely subjective matter, exchange is a question of supply and demand and objective concepts of value are considered to lie outside the scope of economics. Money is the link that unites the particles of such an atomistic world. The system works smoothly provided money is not tampered with by governments and socialists do not meddle in economic processes. Laissez-faire in production and trade is cemented by a stanch rigidity in banking. Von Mises belongs to the "currency school" in banking; he favors the system that was discarded in the United States, as being too inelastic, with the advent of the Federal Reserve. In certain parts the text is now out of date, but it is written well and with a kind of brutal frankness that is becoming rare among economists. The book is still one of the best sources on money and banking, furnishing to some a conclusive picture of capitalism at its best, while to others it provides a climax to the vulgarization of political economy and an ideal object for attack. V. D. KAZAKÉVICH.

Economic Planning and the Tariff, by James Gerald Smith. Princeton University Press. 342 pages. $3.

MR. SMITH'S book is an "answer to the challenge of Secretary of Agriculture Wallace's pamphlet, 'America Must Choose.'" That answer is made by a scholarly assault on the entire front of the delusive nineteenth-century pragmatic determinism that underlies all panacea politics. "The panaceas appear simple because important complicating factors are omitted." The archetype of all these delusives is our high tariff with its hidden costs and its corruption of politics. Two-thirds of the book is devoted to analyzing and slaughtering this ancient evil with a mass of facts admirably employed. Economic nationalism is critically defective, also, in its efforts to fix prices and to deal with the business cycle. What we must envisage is "a valuation equilibrium growing out of the choices of the individuals constituting society." To promote "the conditions of a true market is sound economic planning." It is here that we have failed and it is here that we must reform.
WALTER LINCOLN WHITTLESEY.

Money: The Human Conflict, by Elgin Groseclose. Norman: The University of Oklahoma Press. 304 pages. $2.25.

Survey of Contemporary Economics, edited by Norman Buck. New York: Thomas Nelson and Sons. 860 pages. $3.

"MONEY" provides an excellent example of how, by abjuring theory, one can be swallowed up in a fog. According to the best contemporary theory, money consists of claims to shares in the portion of the national income comprised of the goods exchanged against money. Monetary troubles, strictly defined, thus arise in connection with fluctuations in the number of these claims. But by completely dodging the issue of definition, Mr. Groseclose becomes involved in and confused by other controversial questions, notably the proliferation of debt, the concentration of wealth, and speculation. Consequently, in tracing the introduction of coinage, the invention of bank money and the evolution of corporate enterprise, he is able to point out, if not to illuminate, many acrimonious episodes in the course of economic history from Solon to Roosevelt. From this survey the author believes he has found support for his concluding recommendation. His proposal amounts to the adoption of what Professor Cannan once called "cloakroom banking": that is, a system in which every dollar in both bills and checks is matched by actual gold held by the monetary authority. On the author's own admission, to carry this out in the United States would require a further devaluation of the dollar from $35 to $150 per gold ounce.

"Survey of Contemporary Economics" is the first volume of a series to be published annually. A more accurate title would be "An Economics Scrapbook," for the volume consists of a collection of clippings taken exclusively from The New York Times, Current History and The Annalist and edited by the chairman of the department of Economics at Yale. Its record of the New Deal as presented from day to day in the news should be helpful to historians and students. Yet for the historian the various sections are too brief and incomplete—the farm revolt, for instance, is mentioned only in headlines; for the student the book is an unfortunate labor-saving substitute for the constant attention to economic affairs entailed in making his own collection of clippings. JOHN DEWITT NORTON.

Permanent Prosperity and How to Get It, by John Bauer and Nathaniel Gold. New York: Harper and Brothers. 266 pages. $2.75.

THIS BOOK, written by men who really understand the complexity of the modern economic structure, is infinitely more intelligent than most of the utopian projects now flooding the bookstalls. On the premise that every individual has a right to a job, the authors hold that it is the duty of government to take up the slack arising from cyclical and technological unemployment through a comprehensive scheme of public works. This would offer no competition to private business, since it would confine itself to such socially useful but unprofitable enterprises as roads, flood control and reforestation. To provide the government with the necessary funds, and also to stabilize prices and business, it is necessary to have national control of credit. The authors recognize the fallacy in the Warren hypothesis that control of metallic money alone is sufficient. Unlike most of the monetary reformers, they know also that the bulk of the country's purchasing power is in the form of bank deposits, which arise largely from bank loans, and that it is the business of banks to supply working funds rather than long-term capital to industry. They would abolish the twenty thousand small, competing banks and give each community government-controlled institutions in accordance with its needs. With the government as owner of the banks, the profit motive would be eliminated, there would be no incentive to overexpansion of credit, and the business cycle would be practically eliminated. This plan has many advantages over the crude proposals of the inflationists. The authors fail to see, however, that the desire of government to keep interest rates low in order to facilitate its own operations may be just as dangerous from the point of view of credit expansion as the banks' desire to make profits. MARGARET G. MYERS.

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MORRIS LLEWELLYN COOKE is a consulting engineer who served as chairman of the Storage Section of the War Industries Board and is now a trustee of the New York Power Authority. He edited the New Republic symposium, "What Electricity Costs," and was chairman of the Mississippi Valley Commission whose report was discussed by Stuart Chase in the March 27 issue of The New Republic. Mr. Chase called it "the best report I have ever seen in any language on the intelligent use of land, water and resources for the enjoyment of Mankind."

AVIS D. CARLSON is the wife of a Wichita, Kansas, attorney, and the mother of two small children. She was formerly an instructor in English at the University of Illinois. Mrs. Carlson asked us to emphasize the fact that her description is of conditions in western Kansas, which she recently visited.

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KENNETH REXROTH, born in South Bend, Indiana, contributor to experimental magazines and "The Objectivist Anthology," currently lives in San Francisco.

JESSE STUART, who was born in W-Hollow, near Riverton, Kentucky, in 1907, doesn't know how many poems he has written. Seven hundred and three of his sonnets compose "The Man with the Bull-Tongue Plow."

MARK TURBYFILL, author of "The Living Frieze" and "A Marriage with Space," was born in 1896 and is a teacher of ballet to the Chicago Grand Opera Company.

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